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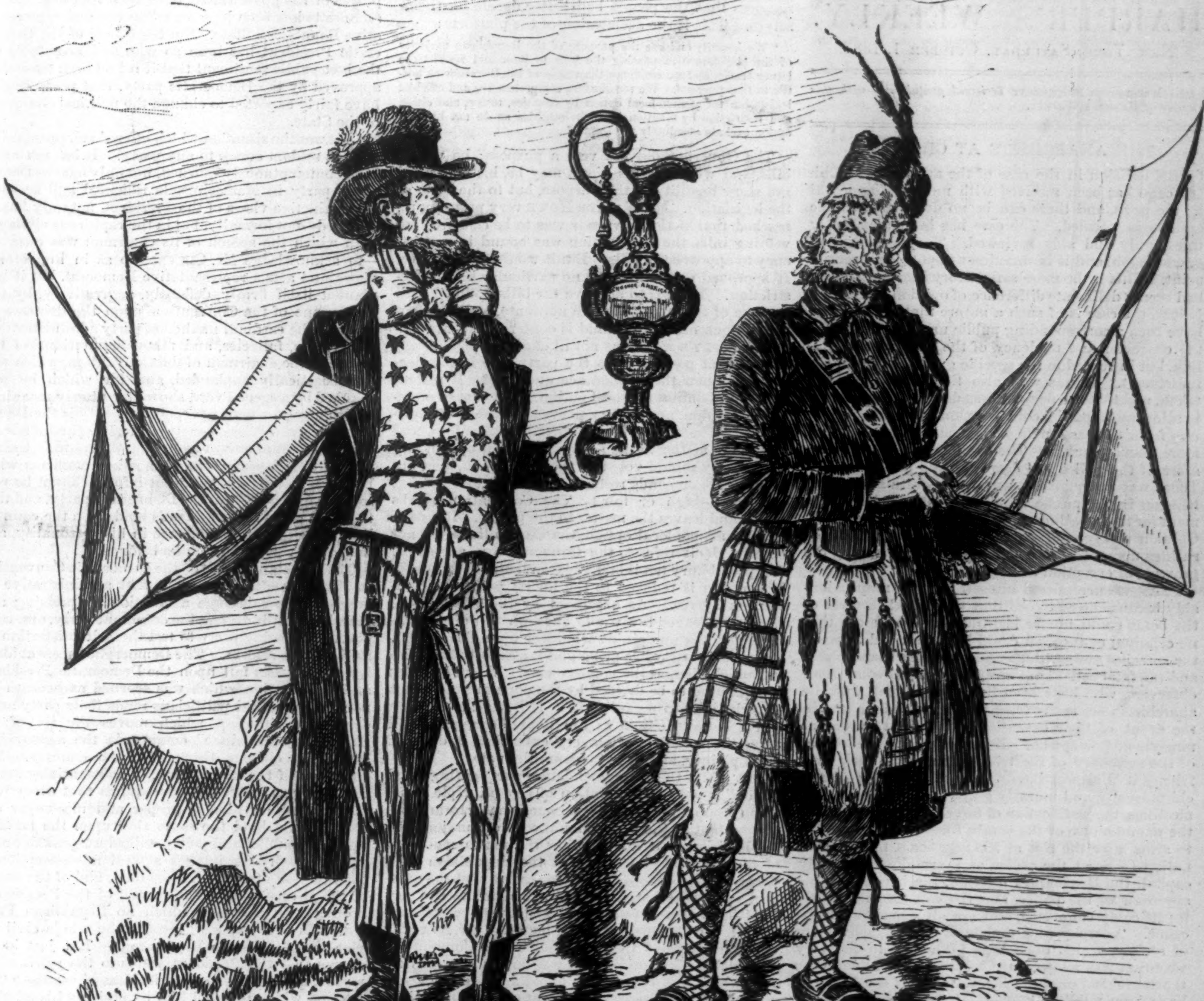
SCHOONER AMERICA
C. J. Bush '87

JONATHAN AND SANDY.

"HERE'S THE CUP, SANDY; TAKE IT—IF YOU CAN."—[SEE PAGE 707.]

"A perfect paper for young people."—*Boston Transcript.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number for September 27th opens with a striking illustration by W. A. ROGERS *to the eleventh instalment of "Derrick Sterling." Every chapter of this stirring serial develops features of absorbing interest. It is without doubt the strongest juvenile fiction now in course of publication in any periodical.*

A short serial story for girls is now running. It is called "Picco," by ANGELINA TEAL.

THOMAS STEVENS, *who successfully made the tour of the world on a bicycle, writes of "Punjabee Well-Jumpers and Krooboy Divers," and* MR. BARNET PHILLIPS *has an entertaining article on "Indian Arrow-Heads," with illustrations of ten specimens from his own collection.*

Other interesting articles are a short story by MRS. W. J. HAYES, *and poems by* MARGARET JOHNSON *and* ANNA M. PRATT.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1887.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE ANARCHISTS AT CHICAGO.

THE decision in the case of the anarchists at Chicago has been received with universal approval by the press, and there can be no doubt that public opinion is satisfied. The case has been apparently thoroughly and ably reviewed. The decision is of great length, and it is unanimous upon the essential point. This is the more satisfactory because, if there had been a deliberate difference of opinion among the judges, the case is of such a nature that there would have been a corresponding public uncertainty, not of the character and tendency of the anarchical agitation, but in regard to the specific guilt charged in the indictment. It was well also that the appeal was taken, and that the decision was delayed long enough to allow an impartial consideration of the whole case, free from the passionate excitement of the trial, now more than a year ago. The circumstances of the massacre of the police had deeply stirred public feeling. There was undoubtedly a mingled wrath and apprehension in the public mind which demanded atonement for the appalling crime that had been committed. Opinion was generally very decided, and some of the rulings upon challenges for the jury were among the grounds of exception and appeal.

PARSONS surrendered himself for trial unquestionably because he supposed that the actual thrower of the bomb could not be identified, and therefore that no criminal connection could be established between the speeches and writings and plans of the anarchists and the fatal act. That was the feeling of some other observers, who have been inclined to think that the anarchists were really tried for their opinions, and in the event of their execution would be regarded as martyrs of free speech. But even upon the showing of the summary of the trial published by their own friends it is almost impossible not to hold the anarchists legally and morally guilty of the crime. The meetings, the justification of force, the appeal to force, the manufacture of the bombs for a purpose, the call to arms after the riot at **McCORMACK'S**, the determination to resist the police as myrmidons of bloody capital, the Haymarket meeting, the harangues, the approach of the police, and the catastrophe, are all inextricably connected, and are all steps toward the crime. Anarchy contemplates a forcible subversion of society, which must begin, if at all, in the very way that was adopted at Chicago. For a long time the anarchical organization, the objects, the drillings, have been publicly known. Had there been a riot merely, would there have been any doubt of the guilt of the convicted men as inciting it? As there was a murder, can it be fairly said, in view of the evidence, that they did not "advise or encourage, aid or abet," the crime?

In the commission of such crimes it is those who instil the idea in more ignorant minds, those who justify the deed, who point out the criminal means, and who inflame murderous passions to the utmost, who are morally guilty. During the last two years there has been enormous suffering among honest laboring men and women, produced by strikes under a hundred pretexts. Now is it the unhappy and terrorized men who have obeyed despotic leaders, or is it the leaders themselves, who are really responsible for all the suffering and loss? The man who in every way incites forcible revolution is responsible when revolution begins, and if he be a courageous man he does not shrink from the consequences. Those who resisted the operation of the Fugitive Slave Law, and sought to save the innocent slave from torture and unspeakable wrong, counted the cost and endured the penalty, whether of the law or of public opinion. Anarchists who justify and counsel murder as necessary to the overthrow of society, when murder begins in consequence of their incitement, cannot be held guiltless. They are entitled to every protection which just laws and honest magistrates and jurors and lawyers and the most scrupulous impartiality can afford. But after all these have been supplied, and the guilt ascertained, it is the welfare of society and the security of liberty under law which alone should determine the kind and degree of the penalty.

A DROLL DILEMMA.

THE Republican party in New York is not a prohibition party, and at its late State Convention it refused by an overwhelming vote to declare itself in favor of high license. The treatment of the subject in the platform shows that it is afraid to take any definite position whatever. It put forth a form of words, and declared in substance that it would not say license, because the word would offend Prohibitionists, nor high license, because the phrase would alarm the saloons, and so it really declares no party position upon the subject whatever. It merely announces that the people had better decide for themselves. This is the declaration of the platform:

> "We heartily endorse the purpose of the Republican majority of the Legislature in passing the bills to limit and restrict the liquor traffic, and we condemn the vetoes of the Governor as hostile to that purpose. We recommend comprehensive and efficient legislation for giving local option by counties, towns, and cities, and restriction by taxation in such localities as do not by their option exclude absolutely the traffic."

The Governor did not veto a purpose; he vetoed bills, and whatever his views may be, his vetoes did not show hostility to the purpose, but to the form of the legislation. Mr. **WALTER HOWE** very properly remarked that if the Governor was to be censured for vetoing bills, the Convention was bound in consistency to approve the bills. But it would not approve. It approved restriction, but no particular kind of restriction. Refusal to approve the bills, coupled with censure of the vetoes, is mere nonsense, and as intentional nonsense of that kind is contemptible, Mr. **ERNEST CROSBY'S** word was not ill chosen.

But what position does the party take in this declaration upon the temperance question? It recommends legislation for local option. But that expresses no opinion, and it is not even a pledge of legislation. The Convention shirks a declaration, and leaves the matter to the people. If the people in any community should vote against local option, the Convention recommends restriction by taxation. What taxation?—high or low? The Convention shirks again, and leaves the matter to the people. If a community adopts local option, the Convention does not object. If it refuses, the Convention is agreeable. If a prohibitory tax is laid, the Convention acquiesces. If taxation is reduced to the lowest point, the Convention agrees. As expressed by the Convention, the party leaves the whole question to the popular vote, and has no opinion whatever upon the subject. But when a party has principles it asserts them plainly, and challenges the popular vote. When it leaves the question to be decided by the popular vote, it has no principles in regard to it. If it has a conviction and a definite object, as the Republican party had upon the question of slavery extension, it declares them plainly, and aims to secure the vote.

But while the recommendation for "giving local option" is not the declaration of any principle or position upon the temperance issue, what guarantee is offered that if the party should secure a majority in the Legislature it would follow the recommendation of the Convention? Did not the Republican Convention three or four years ago resolve that the question of prohibition should be submitted to the people? but has a Republican Legislature ever submitted it? Mr. **CROSBY** is a young man, and Mr. **EVARTS'S** ridicule expressed the sentiment of the Convention, in which the saloon interest was largely represented, and which was resolved to avoid any definite declaration, and was angrily impatient of any sincere suggestion that if the party had an opinion the Convention should express it. It is not surprising that the ridicule carried the day, and that Mr. **CROSBY** was laughed down. But if he had insisted that if the Convention meant high license it would not refuse to say so, and had shown that the declaration of the platform was equivalent to saying that the Republican party would be satisfied with the lowest license, he would have turned the laugh against the Committee. But even as it was, his amendment served the purpose of revealing the foolish evasion in the temperance plank, with which, of course, the saloon interest in the Convention was entirely satisfied. This incident was the most significant in the action of the Convention. It illustrates the great difficulty of adjusting party policy to a question upon which the party is not agreed. The Republican party is not a prohibitory party, but undoubtedly Republican sentiment is favorable to high license. It cannot declare for it, however, as a party, without losing the saloon vote. It is unwilling to endanger that vote, and the party, therefore, is in the ludicrous and humiliating situation of trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.

MASSACHUSETTS DEMOCRACY.

THE anger of the spoils and Bourbon wing of the Democratic party with the reform views of President **CLEVELAND** was fully displayed last week at the meeting of the Massachusetts State Committee and in the action of the Democratic Convention. If ever a party could be said to lose an opportunity which as a party it does not care to embrace, the Democrats have lost it in Massachusetts. The candidacy of Mr. **CLEVELAND** was supported in that State at the election of 1884 by a large body of the most intelligent, independent, and public-spirited citizens. Among them were some of the earliest and most devoted Republicans, whose motives were as far beyond suspicion as their characters. The President's course in Massachusetts has fully justified the action of these voters. He has selected for certain chief offices members of his own party in entire harmony with his reform views, but the general change in the civil service has been much smaller than in any other State. According to the report of the Democratic "smelling committee," eighty-three per cent. of the old employés of the government have been retained. Massachusetts has been long an advanced and representative Republican State. But the course of the Democratic President has been so wise and acceptable to the best public sentiment that if it had been cordially approved by the Democratic party, that party might have fairly expected to change the political character of the State.

This was the situation which offered an opportunity such as seldom comes to any party. It has not only been contemptuously spurned, not only has the Democratic party in Massachusetts ridiculed and scorned the distinctive views of the President, not only has it declined—not formally, but in the rapturous applause with which the speech of its chairman was received—to acknowledge Mr. **CLEVELAND** as in his reform views and acts a representative Democrat, but it has planted itself firmly, defiantly, aggressively, by the whole tone of the Convention, upon the doctrine of spoils as the cardinal method of party administration. The follies, fallacies, and misrepresentations of the speech of the chairman of the Convention, which was enthusiastically applauded, and for which he was thanked by a special vote, show how utterly meaningless in any just view of a political party is the Democratic party in Massachusetts. And as parties have a certain inherent unity throughout the country, the action of the Massachusetts Democracy confirms what has been so long evident, that reform cannot be reasonably expected from the Democratic party, and that the strength of the President's hold upon the country lies in the general confidence in his personality, and not in the party to which he belongs.

The true significance of the Democratic Convention in Massachusetts, however, is that administrative reform has now become a question so pressing and practical that it divides the dominant party, and compels the opposing party to test the Administration by its fidelity to reform. The Democratic sneers at idealists and purists fall upon the Democratic President, and the question which was scorned as beneath the notice of practical politicians rends their party asunder. The situation which moves the ire of the "smelling committee" commands the approval of intelligent citizens throughout the country. The chairman of the Convention, in substantially asserting that party government requires that every postmaster and light-house keeper and messenger and clerk should hold the same view upon the tariff or upon the public land policy, talked unspeakable nonsense. Such talk implies a total misconception of the function of party in a republic, and of the nature of the government. The contest of the President is arduous. It is one to which no Republican President was ever exposed, because the whole civil service was filled with Republicans. But just in the degree that the President yields to the spirit which ruled his party Convention in Massachusetts—a Convention which insulted him by praising his administration while it condemned his views, and elected national delegates opposed to him—just in that degree he alienates the sympathy and support of those who "love him for the enemies he has made."

THE REBEL FLAG ISSUE.

THE attempt to represent the Administration as peculiarly inimical to the Union veterans is not successful, because no one who has read carefully the pension vetoes, or who fairly considers the rebel flag order, can believe that the President's action was taken in any other spirit than that of a generous and comprehensive patriotism, or with any purpose that might not have animated President **GRANT**. The rebel flag order was recalled, not as Governor **FORAKER**, of Ohio, thought it becoming to say, because the President was a whipped spaniel, but because he had acted upon an impulse of good feeling, and saw upon reflection that he had transcended the Executive authority. The President acted from a mistaken estimate of public sentiment, but his action was not that of an enemy of the Union soldier nor of a friend of "rebels." The report of the Commissioner of Pensions to the Secretary of the Interior shows no reluctance upon the part of the Administration to befriend Union veterans, and no decrease of the just public consideration for them. There are, indeed, instances of the removal of old soldiers in the civil service, like that of General Milroy, as reported, and that of others known to us, which, having been made apparently wholly for political reasons, are not only wrongful, but exceedingly impolitic acts. But they are of a kind not unknown under Republican administrations, and they do not establish the charge of Executive hostility to Union veterans. The summary of facts and figures in the operations of the Pension Bureau is interesting, and in the prospect of further discussion of the question of pensions when Congress meets, it is worth retaining for reference.

> "There were at the close of the year 406,007 pensioners, classified as follows: 294,445 army invalids, 85,010 army widows, minor children, and dependent relatives; 3281 navy invalids, 1978 navy widows, minor children, and dependent relatives; 1069 survivors of the war of 1812, and 11,831 widows of those who served in that war; 7503 survivors of the war with Mexico, and 895 widows of those who served in said war. There were added to the rolls during the year the names of 55,194 new pensioners, and the names of 2707 whose pensions had been previously dropped were restored to the rolls. During the same period the names of 17,677 pensioners were dropped from the rolls for various causes. The average annual value of each pension at the close of the year is shown to be $130 10—a gain of average annual value over last year of $7 87. The amount paid for pensions during the year was $73,463,581—an increase in amount over the previous year of $9,669,750. The amount paid to 44,019 new pensioners during the year upon first payment was $25,166,990, and there remained in the hands of the several pension agents 14,683 of this class unpaid at the close of business on June 30th, on which there was due $3,924,783. In the aggregate 1,091,200 pension claims have been filed since 1861, and in the same period 676,948 claims of all classes have been allowed. During the past year 55,194 original certificates were issued—a greater number than was ever before issued by the Bureau in any one year. The estimates for the coming year ask for two additional chiefs of division at $2000 each a year, 50 additional clerks at $1200 each, and 50 additional clerks at $1000 each. The following are the estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888: Salaries, $2,144,330; investigation of pension claims, $525,000; repairs and improvements to building, $63,500; pensions, $75,000,000; examining surgeons, $1,000,000; pension agents and agencies, $312,400: total, $79,045,230. The appropriation for the last fiscal year was $78,701,250."

The Commissioner makes several recommendations for the increase of certain classes of existing pensions for widows and children and other purposes, and all of them are most liberal and friendly to the soldiers and their families. There is, indeed, we repeat, no reason whatever for the assertion that the Administration or any party is unfriendly or would willingly see any wrong or injustice whatever done to the veterans. But there is one consideration which the veterans themselves may well ponder. There is a great surplus in the Treasury from overtaxation, which it is the object of certain politicians to give away in order that the overtaxation may continue. That does not prove friendship for veterans; it proves only regard for certain interests at the expense of all the people. The collection of a revenue far beyond the needs of the government, in order to create a fund for distribution among the people, is one of the most demoralizing and dangerous policies that can be proposed. The old soldiers are good citizens, and they can understand that the demand of a general pension does not spring from love of the soldiers, but from the desire to perpetuate a dangerous public policy wholly disconnected with patriotism or gratitude. In the light of the facts and of public feeling upon the subject of increasing pensions, the rebel flag issue will recoil upon those who raise it.

MANY KINDS OF GOOD READING.

The Harpers have recently published several valuable and interesting books, "suitable for every taste." Among them is Désiré Charnay's *The Ancient Cities of the New World: being Voyages and Explorations in Mexico and Central America from* 1857 *to* 1882. It is translated by J. Gonino and Helen S. Conant, and the copious and striking illustrations and exceedingly handsome typography and style of the book, which are fitting for so excellent a work, will make it also one of the most desirable gift-books of the holiday season. In a brief introduction Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice sketches the course of research in Central America, the explorations of M. Charnay, a former traveller in that country, growing out of expeditions proposed by Mr. Rice himself and Mr. Pierre Lorillard. The journey of M. Charnay was undertaken under the joint auspices of the governments of France and the United States, and the cost was paid by Mr. Lorillard and the French government. One of the pleasant results of the expedition is the confirmation of the accuracy of the fascinating accounts of Central America by John L. Stephens—books which were universally read forty years ago.

Mr. William J. Rolfe continues his delightful series of "English Classics," issued in a most convenient and attractive form, by *The Minor Poems of Milton*—a captivating little volume. Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Helena of England, has translated the ever-fresh autobiography of the Margravine of Baireuth, the sister of Frederick the Great, one of the most entertaining of memoirs. It is a vivid glimpse of German royal life in the middle of the last century, written by the clever Princess, who was "designed to wear four crowns." Another book, of a very different kind, but also very attractive, is Miss Sarah Cooper's illustrated *Animal Life in the Sea and on the Land*. Miss Cooper calls it *A Zoology for Young People*, but older people will find it full of information and pleasure. A graver work is Professor Bowne's *Philosophy of Theism*, which by the clear and handsome page solicits the reader, which is also true of Professor Stickney's *Cicero's Cato Maior and Laelius*, on Old Age and Friendship, forming the latest issue of Harper's "Classical Series," edited by Dr. Drisler.

Here is a collection of notable books, and when Harper's Monthly for October is added, with its fresh and various papers—a poem by Stedman, a sketch by Henry James, the continued novels of Howells and of Kathleen O'Meara, a story by Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson, a summer outing by Miss Kate Field, a chapter of travel by Rev. Dr. Hurst, and Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis's fourth paper, "Here and There in the South," with other tales and verses, and illustrations of George Wither's "Love Song" by Abbey, and characteristic illustrations by Hamilton Gibson, and Reinhart, and Howard Pyle, and A. B. Frost, and Harry Fenn, and Charles Graham, and A. Brennan—with all these, October seems to be as rich a harvest month in the fruits of literature and art as in those of the field and the orchard.

WISE WORDS AT PHILADELPHIA.

The addresses at the centennial celebration in Philadelphia were simple, appropriate, and dignified. At the Chamber of Commerce, in the Square, and at the dinner the President spoke as became the Chief Magistrate, while the oration of the occasion, by Mr. Justice Miller of the Supreme Court, was grave and thoughtful and suggestive. His praise of the Constitution was the more effective because he spared hyperbole, and a little scattered the glamour which surrounds the story of its formation. This was especially true of his elucidation of the fact that the most efficient motive of the Constitution was commercial interest. The orator forcibly pointed out that the history of the century proves the error of those who feared danger mainly from the power of the central government. The constitutional result of the civil war was not to reduce but to strengthen that power. This tendency, indeed, after such sorrowful experience, is to excess, and it must not be forgotten that the prosperity and perpetuity of the Union depend upon just regard for the constitutional distribution of power between the States and the nation.

It is a striking illustration of the prescience of Alexander Hamilton that he said, not long before his death, that the Union might last for thirty or forty years. It was just about thirty years afterward that the nullification movement forecast the civil war. Hamilton was thought to desire too strong a national authority. But experience has justified his feeling that it should have been made stronger, and the constitutional amendments following the war attest the soundness of his judgment. It is the wonderful balance of the system, the unprecedented intermingling of the great governmental powers, which is the cardinal distinction of the Constitution. It is such a happy device as that of the Senate, when after long controversy agreement seemed to be impossible, which satisfied the national desire and the local instinct, and which causes the instrument to be regarded with almost superstitious reverence as "inspired." It was indeed the inspiration of patriotic good sense.

One wise passage of the oration warns the country against an abuse which is becoming every day more serious. It is not surprising that Senator Ingalls, who belongs to the usurping body, considers reform to be a senile gangrene. In speaking of the Chief Executive, Justice Miller said:

> "In regard to the function of appointment to office, perhaps the most important of the Executive duties, the spirit of the Constitution requires that the President shall exercise freely his best judgment and follow its most severe conviction in selecting proper men. It is undeniable that for many years past, by the gradual growth of custom, it has come to pass that in the nomination of officers by the President he has so far submitted to be governed by the wishes and recommendations of interested members of the two Houses of Congress that the purpose of the Constitution in vesting this power in him, and the right of the public to hold him personally responsible for each and every appointment he makes, is largely defeated. In other words, the great principle lying at the foundation of all free governments, that the legislative and executive departments shall be kept separate, is invaded by the participation of members of Congress in the exercise of the appointing power."

ALABAMA AND CONNECTICUT.

We mentioned last week the return of the flags of the 16th Connecticut Regiment which were captured at Plymouth, North Carolina, by an Alabama company in 1864. The action of the captors was unanimous, and the letter of Colonel Jones was manly and generous in the highest degree. The Connecticut regiment at its late reunion in Hartford carried one of the returned flags at the head of the column, and Colonel Frank Cheney, in presenting it, said,

> "Comrades, here is the flag, and may God bless our old adversaries who have kept it till this happy reunion, and restored the fellowship of those who wore the blue and the gray!"

This is a response as worthy of American heroism as the letter of the Alabama Colonel Jones.

This incident is followed by a proposition from the author of the Confederate war song "Maryland, my Maryland," now the editor of a Southern journal, in these words:

> "The example of the Blues will no doubt be followed by other Southern companies. The South does not want any cause or memento of civil strife, and we suggest that on Charles Sumner's birthday every captured flag in this section be returned to the North."

At Mexico, Missouri, during a late reunion of the soldiers of the blue and the gray, one of the latter said:

> "It is right to meet and revive such memories. It will make us braver men and better citizens to remember the sacrifices, the devotion, the valor of the American soldier, and it will make us more considerate neighbors and better friends, North and South, to remember that the same gallant blood from a common ancestry courses the veins of both sections. Divided we may have been, even to the shedding of blood, but even then we were one people, as we are one people to-day—one people from the Lakes to the Gulf, from ocean to ocean."

On the same day that these words were spoken, General Fifer, at a meeting of Union veterans in Illinois, said that the spirit which inspired the rebel flag order of the President inspired the rebellion. Every intelligent American will decide for himself which of these strains is the more patriotic and American, with which of them Lincoln and Grant, and Sumner and Andrew and Seward, would have sympathized, and which of them deserves and will command the approval of the American people.

AN AFRO-AMERICAN LEAGUE.

We mentioned some time since the proposition for organizing an Afro-American League for the general protection of colored citizens, which seems to have been favorably received by them. Mr. Fortune, the editor of the *Freeman*, who made the proposition, has now suggested the form of a constitution, which states the objects of the League as follows:

> "To protest against taxation without representation; to secure a more equitable distribution of school funds; to insist upon a fair and impartial trial by judge and a jury of peers in all causes of law wherein we may be a party; to resist by all legal and reasonable means mob and lynch law whereof we are made the victims, and to insist upon the arrest and punishment of all such offenders against our legal rights; to resist the tyrannical usage of railroad and steam-boat and other corporations, and the violent and insulting conduct of their employés in all instances where we are concerned, by prosecution of all such corporations and their employés in State and Federal courts; to labor for the reformation of all penal institutions where barbarous, cruel, and unchristian treatment of convicts is practised; and to assist healthy immigration from terror-ridden sections to other and more law-abiding sections of our country."

Such an association would be useful as an organized and effective protest against the unworthy prejudice which is confined to no section of the country. When the victims of such a prejudice unite to secure by all legal and reasonable means redress for the wrongs which they suffer, they will respect themselves more and compel more respect from others. They will be able to accomplish by union much to which individual effort is unequal; and if Mr. Fortune does not mistake the determination of citizens of his race to compel a higher regard for their legal and social rights, the scheme will be very serviceable.

It cannot be carried out, however, without pluck, persistence, and liberality. Its chief method must be suits at law, and the prosperity of such suits will require wise counsel and a large outlay of money. Unless this can be reasonably assured, an organization of the kind contemplated which sinks into impotence will injure very much more than it will help the colored citizen, by apparently furnishing another illustration of his practical inability. The design and object of the plan are excellent, but before actually undertaking it the situation should be very carefully considered.

PERSONAL.

The late Henry Brewster, the well-known carriage manufacturer of New York, was descended from the Elder Brewster who landed from the *Mayflower*. Mr. Brewster was one of the founders of the Union League Club. He was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and he was presented with a medal from the carriage-makers of the United States.

—Richard Chadwick, of South Lyme, is the oldest postmaster in Connecticut, having held office in that place for forty-eight consecutive years. Mr. Chadwick has seen the rate of postage reduced from twenty-five to two cents a letter. His first appointment was from President Van Buren; his last, from President Cleveland.

—A large number of the well-known railroad presidents began their careers as civil engineers, though President Marvin Hughitt, of the Chicago and Northwestern, and President W. B. Strong, of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe, began as telegraph operators, and the late S. S. Merrill started as conductor of a gravel train.

—John S. Delano, whose father was in Grant's cabinet, is a partner of "Joe" Dwyer in a New Mexico cattle ranch, and they own 20,000 head of cattle between them. The foundation of the family fortune was laid by Columbus Delano, who started a bank at Mount Vernon, Ohio, and charged only six per cent. for discount when the legal rate was eight per cent. The idea was as novel as it was popular, and the Delano bank did a fine business.

—Captain Beriben, the filibuster, is reported to be alive and well. He and his command, numbering several hundred mounted men, are hidden in the mountains of Cuba, and are said to be growing fat on a diet composed of wild pigs and potatoes.

—Stepniak, whose revolutionary books on Russia have made his name widely known, is coming to the United States this winter, but not, he says, to make Nihilistic speeches. It is his purpose to represent the Russian revolutionists who are "opposed to quit making this country a refuge for the oppressed," and he adds, "I go to defeat the ratification of your very unjust treaty."

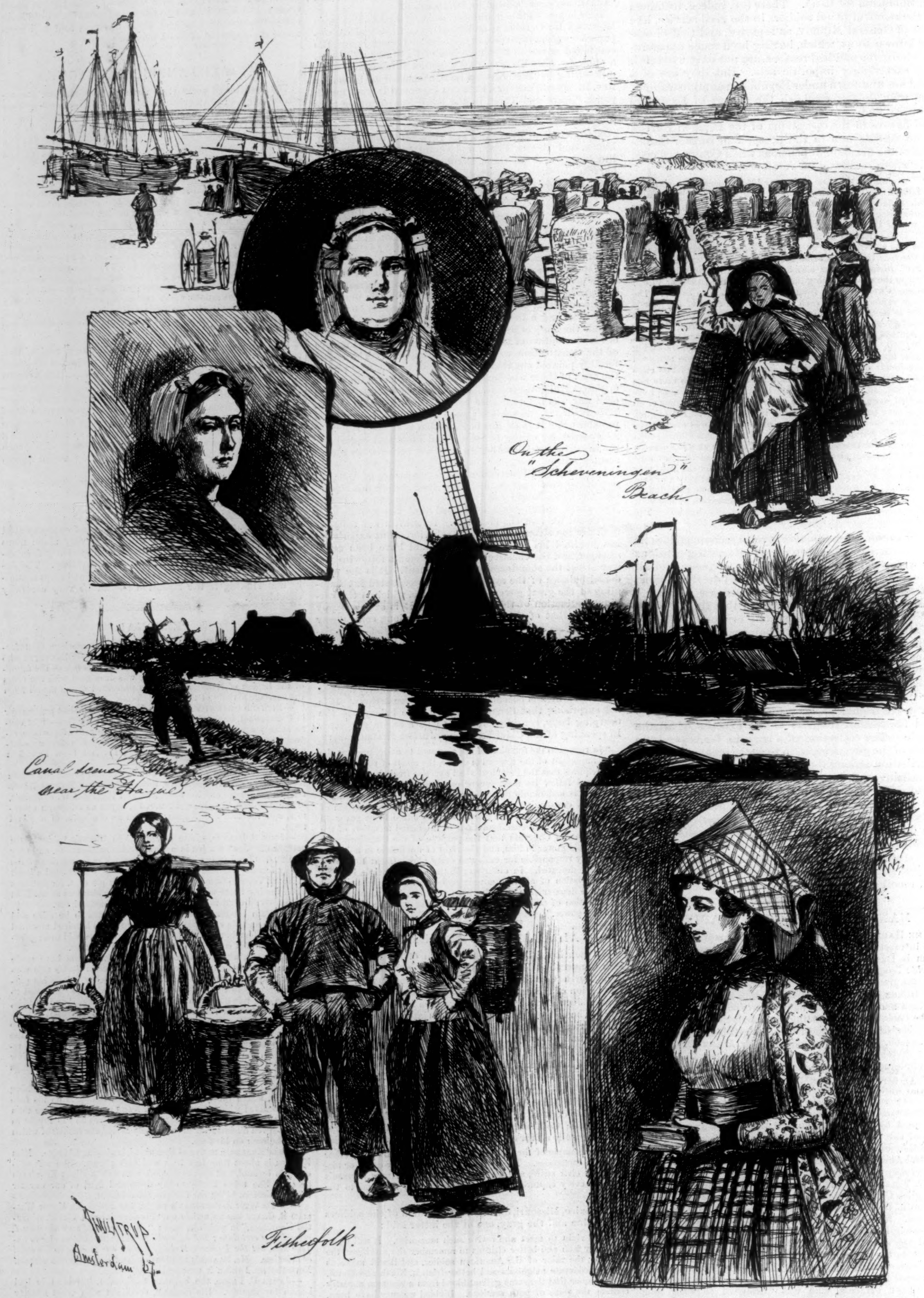
—The Rev. Alexander Mackay-Smith was nominated by Bishop Potter as New York's first Archdeacon, and his election by the clergy was unanimous. Archdeacon Mackay-Smith recently retired from the assistant-rectorship of St. Thomas's Church, New York city. He is a fine specimen of robust manhood, and brings health and energy into his new and arduous field.

—Bernard Nahmacher, a native of Halle, Prussia, is visiting St. Louis, where the number and depth of the scars on his face have attracted wide attention. Herr Nahmacher is not more than twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, and yet he has fought in twenty-seven duels during his university career, the results of which are to be seen on his face.

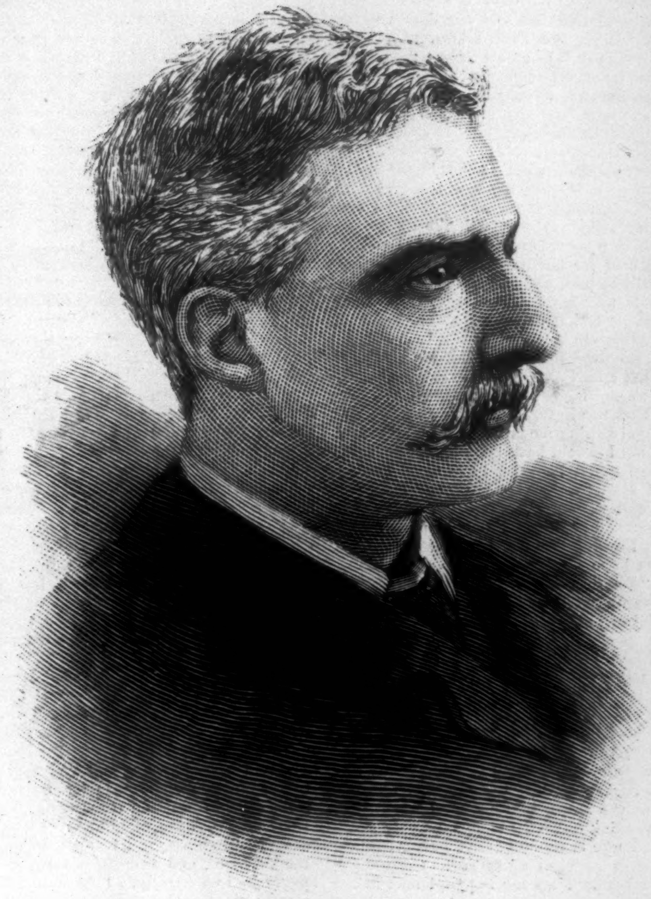
—Olof Kraker, a native of Greenland, is visiting Chicago. Miss Kraker is about four feet high and very plump. She was educated in Iceland, and speaks English with only a slight Esquimau accent. She takes kindly to the dress and food of our warmer clime, ice-cream being her favorite refreshment.

—In De Witt J. Seligman's paper, *The Epoch*, Ex-Mayor William R. Grace has an article on "Presidential and Vice-Presidential Nominees," in which he says: "*Mr. Cleveland's nomination I regard as a certainty; not only will no one have the temerity to oppose him, but the Democratic party has no one to offer in his stead at this time.* Mr. Blaine's nomination is of course not so certain. Nevertheless, I think it very probable."

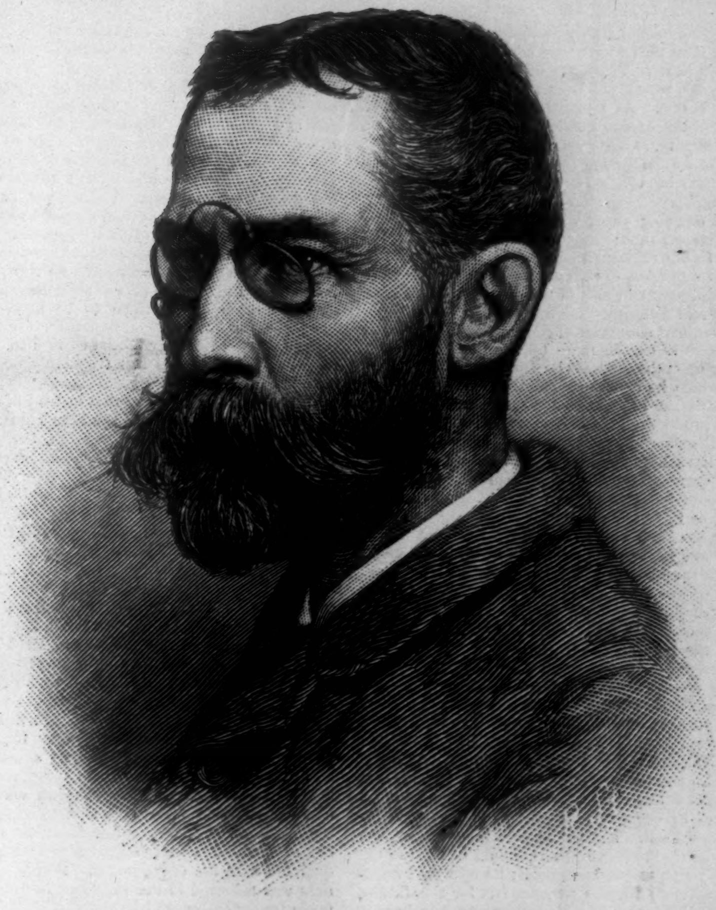
—James C. Flood, the bonanza millionaire, has been in bad health for months. His diseases, combined with great anxiety over the wheat "deal" that has ended so disastrously for himself and Mackay, have reduced his strength, and his physicians have recommended him to go to Carlsbad. It is expected that he will soon set out on the journey. Mr. Flood is sixty years of age. His features are heavy and his hair gray. He has a strong nose and a powerful square-cut chin. He was one of the Argonauters who sailed for the new El Dorado in '49.


On the "Scheveningen" Beach.
Canal scene near the Hague.
Fisherfolk.
A North Holland girl in Sunday costume.
Thulstrup Amsterdam 87.

PICTURES FROM HOLLAND.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 706.]



GEORGE L. WATSON, DESIGNER OF THE "THISTLE."
[SEE PAGE 707.]



EDWARD BURGESS, DESIGNER OF THE "VOLUNTEER."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ODEE FRITZ, BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 707.]

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "GOLDEN GRAIN," "GRIF," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS SAID OF "A HEART OF GOLD."

MR. LINTON'S speech before the curtain served more than one good purpose with many of the dramatic critics. It diverted the attention of some from the demerits of the comedy drama, and it softened the condemnation which others would have pronounced upon it. Again, it furnished a theme upon which one and all dilated—this one indulgently, that one severely; but the main point was (and the most important in the judgment of the manager of the Star Theatre) that it drew public attention to the production.

"The great point gained," said that astute individual, "is that we get a lot of advertising for nothing."

There were leading articles upon the incident, and it provoked correspondence upon certain collateral matters, which the theatrical manager did his best to nourish. "Keep the pot boiling," said he, and he persuaded his friends to write to the papers, not caring much which side they took so long as their letters were inserted. The old cry of first-night cliques was raised; the right of passing judgment within the walls of the theatre on the first night of production was defended, as to which certain methods in vogue were challenged or upheld, some calling them cruel, others maintaining that they were just. Novel theories were discussed. Said one correspondent:

"We are compelled to pay our money at the doors before we know anything of the quality of the dish which is to be set before us. If it is worthless, we are naturally indignant, and we say as much; if it is good work, we give unstinted praise. Had we the option of paying afterward, instead of being compelled to part with our money beforehand, the case would be different."

To this it was replied:

"Nobody forces you to the theatre on first nights; you can keep away if you choose until you hear from the dramatic critics whether the fare is good or bad."

Of course came the indignant rejoinder:

"It is the public who are the critics, not the writers on the press. There is not a man in pit or gallery who is not as good a judge of the merits of a play as the best professional dramatic critic in the country."

An Englishman who had just returned from a visit to America wrote:

"Three weeks ago I was present in a New York theatre on the first production of a new play. It was the most wretched trash imaginable, and was an unmitigated and deserved failure. In comparison with the play I witnessed then, *A Heart of Gold*, at the first representation of which I was present, shines forth a most worthy, intellectual, and praiseworthy effort. It is the work of an earnest, capable playwright, who deserves every encouragement, even when he does not come up to the requirements of the modern play-goer. I will, however, go so far as to place the two plays on a level, pronouncing them, for the purpose of my illustration, as equal in merit—which is not the case, for one is a gem, the other the vilest paste. Both plays were condemned. Note, now, the methods of condemnation. In New York, when the curtain fell, the audience very quietly left the theatre: there was no applause; there were no shrieks and howls; no brutal cries for 'Author,' to serve a cruel end. There was something almost funereal in the manner of the New York audience as they filed slowly out of the house; they seemed to tread more softly than usual; they spoke in lower tones. This was their method of damning the play, and I commend it to the attention of London play-

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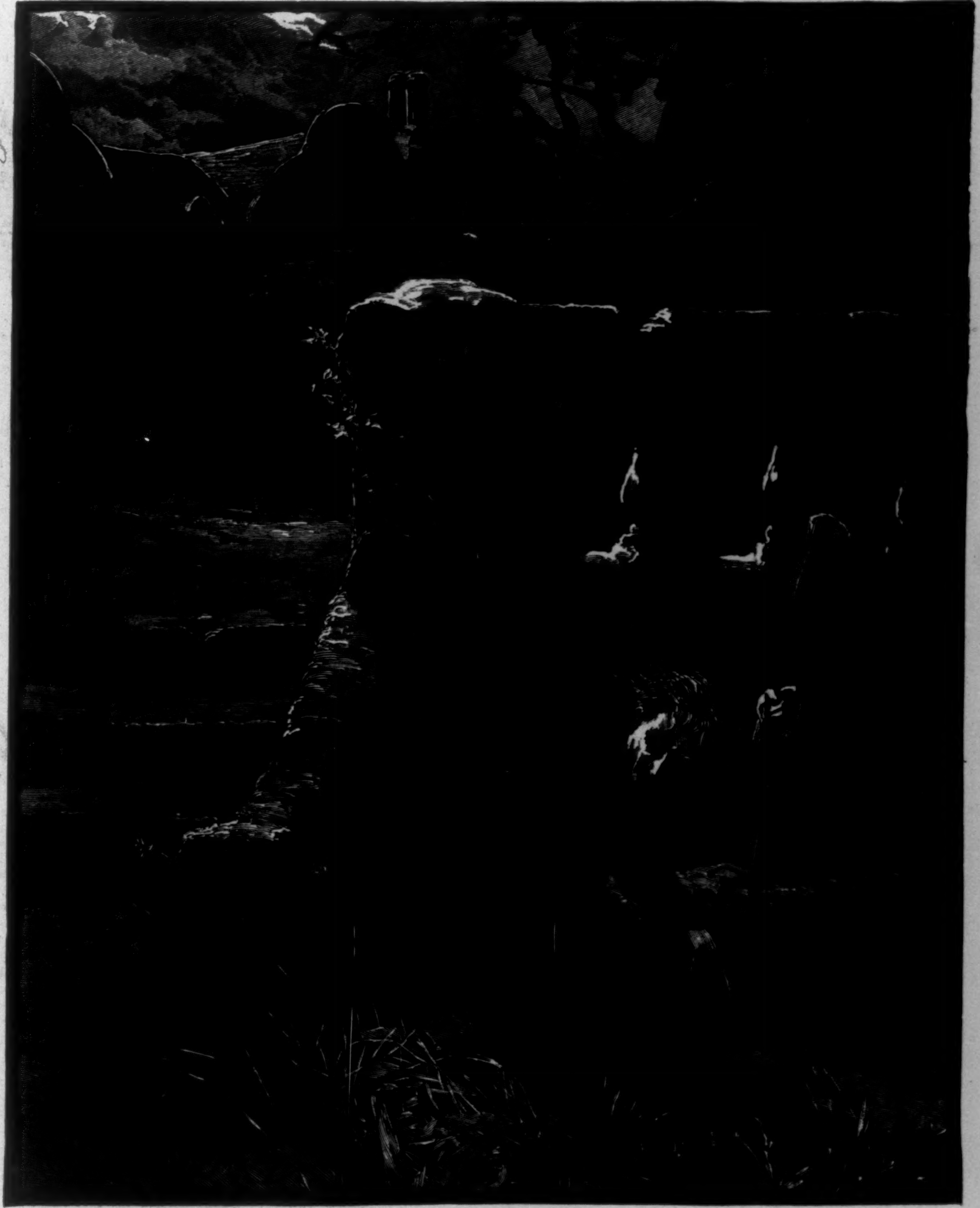
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1593.



MISER FAREBROTHER DIGGING UP HIS CASH-BOX.

goers as incomparably more decent and respectable than that which they adopt to break an author's heart. There are certain of our national customs which will bear reform; this undoubtedly is one. As I pen these lines I see the two assemblages: one conducting itself with reason and dignity, as becomes rational men and women; the other conducting itself with unreasoning and indefensible cruelty, as becomes a lower order of being."

A morning paper of high repute summed up the matter thus:

"In our columns to-day will be found a letter from a gentleman who contrasts with some force the different methods of 'damning' a play in England and America. He commends the American system and condemns the English, ignoring, as it appears to us, the more important issues which hang upon the methods he describes. If the matter which he argues commenced and ended with the behavior of an audience on the first night of a new production, his views would be convincing, but it only commences and does not end there. We have ourselves, on several occasions during late years, commented with some severity upon the unnecessarily noisy conduct of first-night audiences in London when an indifferent or a bad play has been submitted to their judgment, but we have never gone so far as to absolutely condemn the method which has excited the indignation of our correspondent. It is merely a question of degree, and the good sense of the public will sooner or later set the matter right. To this end the proceedings at the Star Theatre on the first representation of *A Heart of Gold* will healthfully contribute. But that is not the question. What we have to consider is absolutely apart from the purely personal aspect of the matter, and we have no hesitation in declaring that the English method, exercised with reasonable moderation, is much more powerful in its beneficial effects upon dramatic literature than the 'silent system' depicted by our correspondent as being the vogue in New York. If a lesson is to be enforced, it is as well that some emphasis should be used in the manner of its administration; its effect is intended not only for the present, but for the future, and our correspondent is totally mistaken in supposing that there is anything really and solely personal in the attitude of our first-night audiences when they are displeased—and generally justly displeased—with the fare provided for them. It means, 'Be more careful in your future work; let your proportions be more nicely managed; do not fall into the ultra-sentimental, or the ultra-farcical, or the ultra-melodramatic.' The condemnation pronounced is not the condemnation of an author's life and career; it is condemnation of a single effort. Let this same author the following night at another theatre produce a play which justly pleases, and he will be acclaimed from the topmost row of the gallery to the foremost row of the stalls. This fact is a proof that the argument of personalism ridiculously introduced is unworthy of consideration, and likely to be detrimental to the best interests of the drama. As well might one say that a wholesome correction administered to a child is cruel and brutal.

"It may not be unprofitable to cursorily examine the effect of the opposite systems current in America and England with respect to first nights. We do not for one moment intend to advance that these verdicts are the direct cause of the comparative merits of production, but certainly they contribute to the result. [illegible]rations it has been the fashion here to sigh for the dramatist who is to lift our drama to a higher level than it occupies at present. This yearning is to a great extent sentimental, for much has been done by living English dramatists which is by no means discreditable to intellectual effort; and the thirst for great plays—plays which shall take their place as classics—seems in the near future not unlikely to be satisfied. We mention no names, for that would be invidious, and we are aware that in a few of our best theatres no high level is aimed at—that is to say, that the eye more than the mind is catered for. There are, however, four or five West End theatres which, while entirely satisfying the demand for pictorial effect, at the same time satisfy the intellect. At these theatres original plays of a high order are from time to time produced, and in their revival of old plays an intelligence is displayed worthy of the sincerest commendation. We have writers of comedy also who are aiming high, who fail now and then, but who buckle on their armor again and work with a will. This is the right spirit, and we claim that our English first-night system has stirred it to a higher emulation. On the other hand, what has America done? Is there upon the English stage to-day one lofty example of American original dramatic effort? We supply the American theatres; they do not reciprocate by supplying us. What is the customary answer to this? 'Oh! but we are a young country.' It is a fallacious excuse. America, as a nation, is more than a hundred years old; it has gathered into its folds a fair proportion of our best intellect; it has a stirring, new, and picturesque history; its public and social life teems with novel and amusing characteristics; its story abounds in heroic episodes; Nature smiles upon it bounteously and beautifully; and humanity, as varied and many-sided in its aspects as could ever be hoped to be seen cheek by jowl in one country, there plays its part through the hours and the days and the years. What more is needed? Young! America is ripe now, if ever it will be; but where is its lofty dramatic record? 'Where is yours?' the nation may retort. And we answer: Such as it is, look for it in your American theatres. You ask for our stamp, when you should make and rely upon one of your own. We should not be the losers if you satisfied our demand; nor would you; we should both be nerved to the highest instead of to the mediocre. It is not unworthy of consideration whether the silent attitude of your first-night audiences, instead of the indignant, as with us, be not prejudicial to the production of a dramatic literature worthy of your greatness.

"One word more. If London play-goers who are in the habit of going to 'first nights' with unfair and ungenerous intentions, in the hope of or the desire for a failure, regard what we have said as a defence or a justification of their occasionally inconsiderate and violent conduct, they are grievously mistaken. There must be moderation in all things, and there must be moderation in the expression of their opinions. They have a license, but the privilege accorded to them must not be abused. They have no right to demand that the author of an unsuccessful play should appear before them to be hooted and howled at, and it is to be hoped for the future that this insistence may not be carried to an extreme, as of late years has frequently been the case."

The result of all this was that instead of empty benches, as the manager of the Star Theatre had feared before Mr. Linton's speech, the public flocked to see *A Heart of Gold*, in order that they might judge for themselves. Everybody in the theatre was in a high state of exultation at this unexpected turn of the tables. Kiss, who was in great trepidation at the prospect of not being able to meet the bill which Jeremiah Pamflett held, became gradually reassured, and was not chary in the expression of his hopes to Mr. Lethbridge. "It is the most wonderful thing in my professional experience," he said.

This recountal of the progress of Mr. Linton's comedy drama has somewhat transgressed the sequence of events, the private details of which now claim our attention.

When Mr. and Mrs. Lethbridge returned home after their visit to Mrs. Linton they found the young people up, Fred Cornwall, as a matter of course, and because of what had taken place between him and Phœbe, being happily ensconced by Phœbe's side, as was his undoubted right under the circumstances. Very few moments elapsed before Mr. and Mrs. Lethbridge were made acquainted with the engagement. Phœbe's happiness was reflected in her face, and her aunt and uncle fondly embraced her, and wished the young people every joy.

"I should not have dared to stop so late but for this," said Fred Cornwall to Mrs. Lethbridge.

"It *is* very late," said Mrs. Lethbridge, glancing at the clock; "five minutes to three; and the girls must go to bed. Dear, dear, what a night this has been! Now, Fanny, Phœbe, you must not stop up a minute longer. Mr. Cornwall, I am glad, for Phœbe's sake, that you are not a dramatic author."

"Why, mamma?" exclaimed Fanny, the stanch and faithful champion. "The successful ones make heaps of money, and Fred would have been sure to be successful. And, mamma, it isn't 'Mr. Cornwall' now; it is Fred with all of us. You mustn't forget he is one of the family—aren't you, Fred?"

"I hope to be," said Fred, gayly, "and very soon."

"And you must call mamma Aunt Leth, as everybody does who has the least affection for her," said Fanny.

"May I?" asked Fred.

"Indeed you may," said Mrs. Lethbridge. She clasped the young man's hand, and looked at him solicitously: "I must speak to you before you go."

He took the hint and went out into the passage to wish his dear girl good-night. It is wonderful what a long time this simplest form of farewell occupied, but then it was like a new language to the lovers. Indeed, everything to their senses was at that moment new and beautiful, and every word they spoke to each other was charged with strange tenderness. Fanny, as was to be expected of her, retired first to her bedroom, leaving the lovers together; but her high spirits would not allow her to be utterly extinguished. When at length Phœbe came slowly into the room, "with many a lingering look behind," Fanny popped out into the passage, shutting her cousin in.

"Fred!" said Fanny, in a stage-whisper, leaning over the balustrade.

"Yes," he said, looking up.

"Like Romeo and Juliet, isn't it? Parting is such sweet sorrow she could say good-night until to-morrow. But she isn't coming out again, so you had best go at once to mamma. Good-night, Fred."

"Good-night, Fanny."

Then he went into the dining-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Lethbridge were waiting for him. It rather discomposed him to observe that they received him with grave looks instead of smiles.

"You are not sorry," he said, "for what has occurred?"

"No," replied Mrs. Lethbridge, "we are not sorry. But for one consideration there would not be a cloud upon our hearts to-night."

"What consideration?" asked Fred.

"Phœbe's father. You have not spoken to him?"

"No, I have not. To speak the truth, it was my intention to ask your advice whether, before I spoke to Phœbe, I should go to see Mr. Farebrother at Parksides."

"That would have been the best course, perhaps," said Mrs. Lethbridge.

"You would have advised me to do so?"

"Yes."

"It is, however, too late to talk of that now. I had no intention of proposing to Phœbe tonight, and I have no idea how it all came about. But there it is, and I would not unsay what I have said, or undo what I have done, for all the wealth in the world."

"We would not wish you to do so," said Mrs. Lethbridge; and her gentle voice and wistful eyes were sufficient proof that she was in entire sympathy with him. "It is not to-night that we have discovered that you and our dear Phœbe love each other. We have known it a long time, and our prayer is that we have not acted unwisely in innocently encouraging it. Should there be no obstacle to your union a happy life is before you both."

"What obstacle can there be?"

"Phœbe's father may refuse his consent."

"I cannot see upon what grounds," said Fred. "I am not rich, it is true; but I am a gentleman, and I shall not ask him for any money. I am content—more than content—to take Phœbe as she is, without a penny, and to work with all my heart and soul for her happiness and comfort. And she will be happy with me, Aunt Leth."

"There is no reason to doubt it," said Mrs. Lethbridge. "But it is as well to be prepared when you go to see Mr. Farebrother."

"To be prepared for what?—for his refusal? Well, in that case I shall have reason to rejoice that I spoke to Phœbe first, and learnt from her dear lips that her heart is mine. With her father's refusal staring me in the face I might have hesitated, but I should have spoken all the same. It isn't likely that I should have stood tamely aside and seen the happiness of our lives destroyed. But what is done, is done, Aunt Leth, and nothing can undo it. Phœbe is mine, and I am hers. Nothing in the world shall part us."

"Let us hope for the best," said Mrs. Lethbridge. "We thought it our duty to give you a word of warning. Phœbe's father is a strange man, and you must be careful in dealing with him."

"I will be. Phœbe remains here four or five days, she tells me."

"Yes; her father consented that she should stop with us till Tuesday or Wednesday next."

Fred rubbed his hands joyously. "Let it be Wednesday, Aunt Leth."

"I shall be only too happy, Fred. When will you go to Parksides?"

"Not before Wednesday next. I want time, you see, to think of what I shall say to Mr. Farebrother. There is no immediate hurry, because everything is as good as settled. Good-night, dear Aunt Leth. I am the happiest man in the world!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

"Mother," said Jeremiah Pamflett, the next day, when he reached Parksides, "I am going to make a move; I am getting tired of playing a waiting game."

"Something has occurred, then, Jeremiah?" asked Mrs. Pamflett, her keen eyes on her son's face.

"Well, I went to the theatre last night, and sat in the pit, while Phœbe—*my* Phœbe, mother—and her precious set were in a private box, dressed up to the nines, with flowers and all sorts of things."

"The Lethbridges, Jeremiah?"

"Yes, the Lethbridges, and that lawyer chap."

"I told you there was danger in that quarter, Jeremiah."

"And I told *you* to mind your own business. Do you think this Phœbe affair is the only one I've got to look after? There are other schemes, mother, with heaps of money hanging to them, which will land me in a carriage as sure as guns. I'm going to take in the sharpers; I'm going to prove that I'm the sharpest fellow *they* ever had to deal with; I'll have thousands out of them. They think they know a lot, but they don't know everything. Why, with my head for figures and calculations, I ought to be as rich as the Rothschilds! I'll tell you all about it by-and-by."

"You are always keeping things from me, Jeremiah," said Mrs. Pamflett, in an injured tone. "Why not tell me now?"

"Because I don't choose. Still tongue, wise head."

"I might keep things from you, Jeremiah," said Mrs. Pamflett; and there was now a sly note in her voice which caused Jeremiah to bristle up.

"Oh, you would, would you! You've got something to tell, and you won't tell it! All right. I've done with you." He turned to go, but she seized his arm and detained him.

"No, no, Jeremiah! I've no one in the world but you. I'll tell you everything, everything!"

"Well, out with it; and never speak to me again like that, or it will be the worse for you. Mind what I say!"

"I will, Jeremiah—I will. Shut the door, and look first that there's no one outside."

"Who should be outside?" he asked, when he returned to his mother's side.

"Speak low, Jeremiah. Miser Farebrother is as cunning as a fox. For all his lameness, he can creep about the house as soft as a cat. I was awake last night with a bad toothache, and I heard his bedroom door creak, and then I heard him go softly, softly, down-stairs. 'What is he up to?' I thought, and I slipped out of bed and into the passage. There was no fear of his hearing *my* door creak; I keep the hinges well oiled; and it was dark, and he couldn't see me. Would you believe it, Jeremiah? It was past two o'clock in the morning, and he went out of the house. I was afraid to go after him, because if he had turned suddenly back, and shut the street door upon me, I shouldn't have been able to get in without his finding me out. So I waited and waited, wondering what he was about. I suppose it must have been twenty minutes at least before he came back; but he did come at last, and, oh, Jeremiah, you never in all your life saw anybody as sly as he was! He looked round and round, and this way and that, to make sure he was alone, and then he crawled upstairs. How he managed it I don't know, he was in such pain; but not a groan, not a sound, escaped him. And he was carrying a large cash-box, too, that I had never seen before. It was covered with mud, and of course I jumped at the truth: it had been buried somewhere in the grounds, and he had gone out in the middle of the night to dig it up. You may guess what a state of excitement I was in, and I said to myself, 'For Jeremiah's sake I'll see the end of it.' It took him almost another twenty minutes to get to his room; he had to sit on the stairs a dozen times to rest, and I couldn't help thinking what a wonderful sly, secretive man he was that he should be doing what he was doing, and what perhaps he's done over and over again, without my ever being able to find it out."

"You may well say that," grumbled Jeremiah. "A nice article you are to look after my interests! Catch me being in the house all the years you've been, and being taken in like that! I wouldn't have believed it of you if anybody else was telling me."

"I wouldn't have believed it of myself, Jeremiah; but better late than never, my boy."

"Better soon than late; that's the proper way of it. But go on, can't you? He got back to his room, and there was you outside the door, peeping through the key-hole?"

"Yes, Jeremiah, and Miser Farebrother none the wiser. He wiped the mud off the cash-box and opened it. Jeremiah, it was stuffed full of gold and bank-notes. He counted it and counted it over and over again, and he wrote down some figures on a piece of paper. Then he put the money back and locked the box, and hid it under his mattress. After that he tore up the paper he'd been writing on, and blew out the candle, and went to bed. I heard him groaning there for an hour afterward."

"Is that the end of it?" asked Jeremiah, in a wrathful voice and with wrathful looks. "Do you mean to tell me that is the end of it?"

"No, it isn't; there's something more. Never you call me a fool again. I went into his room as usual this morning, and you may depend I looked about for the box; but I couldn't catch sight of it. Oh, he's a cunning one, he is! But I did catch sight of something. I had my hand-broom and shovel, and I swept up the floor and the fireplace, and brought away the pieces of paper he had torn up. I asked him if he'd had a good night, and he said he fell asleep the moment he put his head on the pillow, and that he must have slept seven or eight hours right off. I told him he looked as if he'd had a splendid rest—which he didn't, Jeremiah. He was the picture of misery. When I got away from him I sorted out the pieces of paper and stuck them together. Here it is. He must be richer than we think, Jeremiah. Look! Ten one hundred pounds—bank-notes, Jeremiah! I saw him count 'em—that's a thousand. Twenty fifties—that's another thousand. Fifty twenties—that's another thousand. And another thousand in sovereigns. He laid 'em in piles upon the table. They did look grand! Piles of gold, Jeremiah! Four thousand pounds altogether. You didn't know anything about it, did you?"

"No, I didn't," replied Jeremiah, his eyes glittering greedily. "He must have had the money by him a long time, I expect. Did you look about the grounds for his hiding-place?"

"Yes; but I didn't find it. I couldn't see the slightest signs of one."

"*I'll* find it, mother."

"You mustn't do anything rash, Jeremiah; you mustn't get yourself into trouble."

"Not likely, mother. Trust me for looking after myself. All his money is mine, and I mean to have it. By fair means, mother—by fair means; and he sha'n't cheat me out of a penny. Once I get hold of Phœbe— Well, all right. I shall know how to work it. I'll go now and have a talk with him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PICTURES OF HOLLAND.

He who travels through the Netherlands passes pleasant days at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and the Hague, for these three cities are within short distances of one another. A few miles from the Hague is that well-known watering-place Scheveningen, and to this fishing town resort not alone the Dutch pleasure-seekers, but the rest of the European fashionable world. In Scheveningen an artist sees all the contrasts. Here are groups of fisher-folk: the men, strong and massive, are built on purpose to withstand the heavy buffetings of the North Sea, and the women, equally sturdy, have those broad shoulders made to carry in huge baskets the fish their husbands have taken. All along the sandy beach are the finer people, the frailer portion seeking refuge from sun and breeze in peculiar high wicker-work edifices, which are pitched anywhere on the shingle. Seen from the back, the inmates of these basket-work sentry-boxes are invisible; but the sea-breeze comes, and there is the flutter of a silk skirt, or the streaming out of a gay ribbon, or the collapse of a parasol, and then one knows that these wicker-work establishments have each its fair inmate. Fine gentlemen approach these basket structures and bow and smirk and chatter, and are as bees around hives. Away off are the blue waves, with the fishing-boats and an occasional steamer, and near by are the toilers of the sea, who, Indian-like, as often as not pay no heed to those gay butterflies fashion brings to Scheveningen Beach. Mr. Thulstrup gives two types of Dutch fisher-women, and the differences are appreciable. The heavier Flemish, Rubens-like build of women may predominate, but then there are many who have much less avoirdupois, and whose faces are sympathetic, with forms full of native grace. The North Holland girl, in her Sunday costume, wears one of those peculiar head-dresses which date back from centuries. Artists, however, complain that there is change in Holland, that the peasant-folk are becoming less conservative in costume, and that although the men stick fairly well to their dress, the women are little by little discarding their time-honored head-gears. Greater facilities of travel in Holland have effaced somewhat the love and respect for what was old, and so people have changed their ideas with their clothes. Still there are certain parts of the Low Countries in proximity to their Dead Cities, which an artist can find, where there has been no change.

Man-power is still in use for fairly long distances along a canal, and a Dutch boatman, slowly, methodically toiling along the bank, hauling his barge after him, is the personification of patient labor. Our artist has drawn just such a scene, and in relief against the clear sky and water stands out in silhouette the many windmills, the barges, the trees and houses.

JONATHAN AND SANDY.

It will be noticed in Mr. **Bush**'s picture that the genius of America stands imperturbed and undoubting, and that the genius of Scotland looks rather unpleasantly determined and competent. If there should be occasion to draw these figures again when the races for the *America's* cup this year are concluded, it would be necessary to ease one of them of some portion of his air of faith; but whether the change would have to be wrought in the American, or whether the Scotsman would be obliged to submit to it, time alone can tell. One swallow does not make a summer, and there must be more than one race between the *Thistle* and the *Volunteer* before it can be known whether Sandy is competent to take the cup which Jonathan holds up to observation. If he does take it, there is little doubt that Jonathan, in the effort to get it back again, will send yachts across the ocean as persistently, if that should be necessary, as the British have been doing of late years; and if Sandy fails to take the cup this fall, we are very likely to see him again, for it is notorious that he gives up hard. It is possible that there are some Americans who hope the *Thistle* may win, in order that the monotony of these races may be broken, but the one who should set out to look for them would have to be mere patient and more painstaking than Diogenes in his search for an honest man.

FIELD SERVICE IN ARIZONA.

The months of September and October this year have been set apart in General **Miles**'s command for a novel kind of field practice, designed to train the troops for the pursuit and capture of raiding Indians. Beginning with September 1st, all the post commanders established their outposts and signal and heliograph stations throughout their respective districts, as if an enemy were at hand, and for a fortnight sought to make the troops thoroughly familiar with the general features of the region. Then a well-mounted raiding party of two officers and twenty men, with extra horses, in the lightest marching order, was to start from Fort Huachucha, in Arizona, and to move east of Fort Bowie, west of Fort Grant, east of Fort Thomas, and west of Fort Apache, to some point north of the latter post; there camp ten days, sending to Fort Apache for supplies, and then return by a route east of Apache, west of Thomas, east of Grant, west of Bowie, and east of Dragoon Station, to Fort Huachuca.

The post commanders at these forts are meanwhile to try to discover the whereabouts of the raiders, and to capture them in their respective districts, either going or returning. They are to help each other with information by heliograph, telegraph, or courier, conceal troops here and there on conjectured routes, report daily by telegraph to head-quarters their movements and observations, and in short act as if the raiders were hostile Indians. The raiding party was to have a start of eighteen hours from Fort Huachuca, then remain in camp six hours, and thereafter march only between noon and midnight of each day. A similar set of movements is simultaneously to be carried on in New Mexico by mounted detachments from Fort Wingate and Fort Stanton, each moving around Fort Bayard and returning to its station, going at some time within ten miles of that post.

Such is the novel and interesting device of General **Miles**, combining practice of the highest value with something resembling the excitement of a competitive field-sport. Care is taken to avoid over-exertion, breaking down the animals, or injuring the property of settlers; while as soon as a raiding party is captured, another is to be ordered out from Department head-quarters.

The raiding party, or a portion of it, if scattered to avoid discovery, will be regarded as captured whenever another command of equal numbers gets within hailing distance or bugle sound—a provision alluded to in the sketch "Bringing the Bugle to Bear" in the present number of the **Weekly**. Other military scenes in the same group of pictures explain themselves. The "Water Guard" is usually a squad of infantry protected by a rough rifle-pit. General **Miles** largely employed his infantry in guarding the "water holes" from the use of the hostiles during the **Geronimo** campaign. A lonesome outpost duty it was, with few resources for amusement. Lonesome enough, too, are the little adobe buildings, used by perhaps a couple of soldiers, along the telegraph line, that may need to be tapped for military purposes. An occasional courier is a welcome guest. In still another sketch is depicted the movement of a body of cavalry. There is a vast difference between the steed of the post stables, neck arched, ears up, pressing on the bit, and the same animal after carrying his rider over rough mountains, thirty miles a day, for a month, and browsing on mesquit for sustenance.

MR. EDWARD BURGESS.

Interest in the yacht race is linked with the name of a man who has done more for American yachting than any other, and of whom a few years ago the public knew absolutely nothing. If as the result of this year's contest the cup shall not be taken as a prize across the Atlantic, the praise will once more be due to the genius of Mr. **Edward Burgess**, the designer of the *Puritan*, of the *Mayflower*, and latterly of the *Volunteer*, as well as of many other vessels of the kind, of greater and lesser renown. If the *Volunteer* should win, Mr. **Burgess** will be the hero of the hour, for it has to be admitted that in the *Thistle* we have the result of the concentrated skill and experience of the greatest and most successful ship-building centre which the world has ever known. It is the best which the genius of the Clyde can produce.

Mr. **Burgess** is comparatively a young man. He is thirty-seven years of age, a native Bostonian, and a member of an old Boston family. He was a member of the shipping firm of **Benjamin Burgess & Sons** until it was dissolved some years ago. Mr. **Burgess** has had the advantage of a first-class education, being a graduate of Harvard, of the class of 1871. Among his classmates were the Hon. **Henry Cabot Lodge** and the younger Dr. **Bigelow**. Mr. **Burgess**, it appears, has always been of a scientific turn of mind, and it is a somewhat noteworthy circumstance that his particular bias has been toward natural history. For a time, indeed, he performed the duties of the Professor of Natural History at Harvard, with, it seems, very considerable success. His natural history studies he has never wholly abandoned, and to this day, amid all his activities, a strange bug, or any peculiar or novel specimen of the insect world, will claim his attention before anything else. While acting as Secretary of the Eastern Yacht Club he found time to perform the same duties for the Society of Natural History, of Boston.

He has had, from a very early age, a great liking for ships. "I began sailing," he says himself, "when I was ten years old, and I have been sailing ever since. I have never lost interest in yachting, and I shall probably be a yachtsman as long as I live." It is only a few years since he began to make yacht designing a special business; and it is quite safe to say that his success has been something phenomenal. Among the boats which he has designed, in addition to the *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, and *Volunteer*, so familiar to every one, are the sloop *Colina*, built 1883; the cutter *Boudina*, built 1885; two cat-boats, *Sachem* and *Wraith*, 1885; the *Fisherman*, 1886; a cat-yacht for an American in Paris, 1886.

Mr. **Burgess**'s skill in the matter of ship-building has on more than one occasion lately been put under requisition by the government; and the estimation in which he is held by the associated naturalists was evinced last November, when they presented him with an elegant and costly testimonial.

Mr. **Burgess**, after a careful inspection of the *Thistle* in dry-dock, gave his impressions to a reporter. He said: "I do not see anything at all surprising about the boat. To me she appears to be a modern cutter, filled with just such modern ideas as one would expect after the amendment of the English measurement rule. Her sides are in many respects like those of the *Pappoose*. She does not differ, except as to her beam, from many thirty-foot boats here and in England. The impression that she is not a powerful boat is, in my mind, quite erroneous. I think that, on the contrary, she has a great deal of power."

THE CITY OF CLEVELAND.

Settled early in the present century by a handful of thrifty sons of Connecticut, the city of Cleveland of to-day is a striking example of the phenomenal growth in population and wealth so characteristic of our great Western cities and towns. The original village was laid out in 1796, and was named in honor of General **Moses Cleveland**, a surveyor sent out by Connecticut to stake out the boundaries of the Western Reserve of that State. In 1810 the census enumerator must have had an easy time in Cleveland, for there were only 57 inhabitants. Seventy years later, in 1880, he counted 160,146, and to-day the public-spirited citizens claim a population of 225,000. This claim, however, is probably excessive, but the actual population is doubtless in the neighborhood of 200,000.

The chief boast and glory of Cleveland are its broad and magnificent streets. Euclid Avenue, said to be the most beautiful thoroughfare in the world, is 120 feet in width, and lined on either side by an unbroken series of palatial dwellings, with broad lawns in front and at the sides, set off with handsome shrubbery and shade trees. Prospect Street (running parallel with and one block from Euclid Avenue), Case Avenue, and Wilson Avenue, the two last-named at the eastern end of the city, and running north and south, are scarcely less handsome than their more pretentious sister. Still further to the eastward are clusters of pretty homes, some of which, situated as they are on the banks of Lake Erie, are the summer residences of city millionaires. In the eastern section of the city is also Lake View Cemetery, one of the most beautiful cemeteries in the country, where reposes the body of the murdered President **James A. Garfield**.

The business interests of Cleveland cluster around the Public Square, or Monumental Park, as it is more pretentiously called. This park consists of ten acres, and is cut into four smaller squares by Superior and Ontario streets, running at right angles. At the intersection of these streets the four corners are ornamented with trophies of war in the shape of cannon. In the centre of the southwestern square is a pretty grotto, pool, and cascade, with a rustic bridge. In the opposite square to the north is a graceful fountain, while in the southeastern square is the monument to Commodore **Perry**, hero of the battle of Lake Erie.

Superior Street, which is lined with stores and public buildings and mercantile establishments of various kinds, is 132 feet in width. At its western end, which is in the heart of the business section of the city, is the great iron viaduct connecting the east with the west side. Below it is the valley of the Cuyahoga River, and the river itself, which winds between two high table-lands, upon which the city is built. The entire valley presents a busy scene of industry, with blast-furnaces, rolling-mills, machine-shops, and warehouses by the hundred, and all within easy reach of the river docks and railway stations.

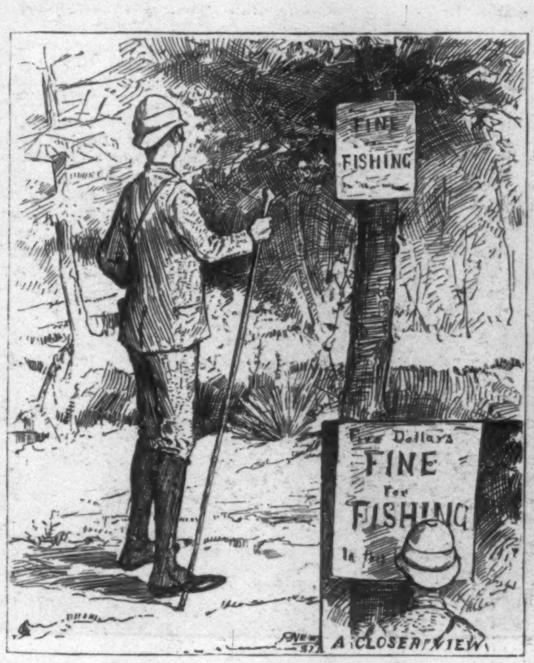
Down on the lake front, and at the foot of Bank and Water streets, is the great Union Railway Station, which was, for several years after its erection, the largest in the country. To the westward are two piers running into the lake, 200 feet apart, forming a harbor and an entrance to the Cuyahoga River, which is navigable by the largest of lake craft. Still further to the westward is the water-works tunnel, which runs under the bed of the lake a distance of 6600 feet.

The city abounds in handsome public buildings. There are elegant churches and commodious school-houses, a City Hall of magnificent proportions, erected and presented to the city by the late **Leonard Case**, an opera-house of very great beauty, besides Federal buildings and several spacious public halls. The entire city is brilliantly lighted by electricity, and at night the streets present a brilliant spectacle.

THE DESIGNER OF THE "THISTLE."

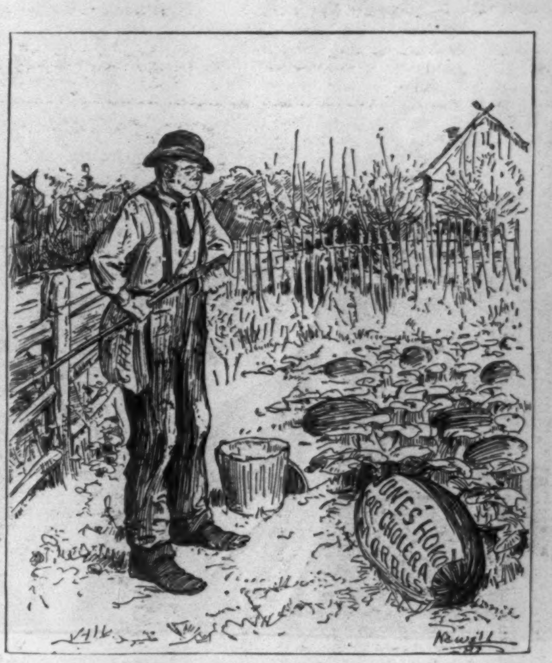
The name of **George L. Watson**, the designer of the now famous Scotch cutter the *Thistle*, is one which has naturally been in everybody's mouth for some time past, alternately with that of his distinguished rival, Mr. **Burgess**, the designer of the *Volunteer*. Mr. **Watson** was also the designer of the well-known little Scotch racer the *Madge*, which a few years ago astounded the veteran yachtsmen by a sudden exhibition of qualities with which very few even among the initiated were willing to credit her.

Mr. **Watson** is a tall, somewhat sparely built man of thirty-six years, with fair, fresh complexion and prematurely gray hair. His shoulders appear the slightest bit rounded as he goes about in his quick, active way, thoroughly intent on business, and apparently quite unconscious that he is the cynosure of many speculative eyes. He was born in Glasgow in 1851, and there served his apprenticeship to the ship-building trade with the well-known firm of Messrs. **Robert Napier & Sons**. He afterward served for several years with the Messrs. **A. & J. Inglis**, another and very popular firm of Clyde ship-builders. In 1872 he started in business for himself in Glasgow as a naval architect; and from that time until now he has built about one hundred and sixty vessels of various kinds, many of them successful racing yachts, known on both sides of the Atlantic. Altogether he has met with a measure of success in his peculiar and arduous profession—a profession in which competition is keener and more harassing than in any other perhaps—which is not common for men of his age. He maintains that the *Thistle* is a cutter, pure and simple, and not a compromise between two different types of boat, the main difference between her and her predecessors being an additional breadth of beam—an extension which is not taxed by the rules of the New York Yacht Club. He had no particular model in view in her construction, but wrought her lines out as a general development of all the chief preceding experiments. Mr. **Watson** is to return to Glasgow by the *City of Rome*, on October 12, but will soon be back again to make a tour through the country for purposes of pleasure and relaxation.


FINE FISHING
Five Dollars FINE for FISHING In this
A CLOSER VIEW
Newell 87

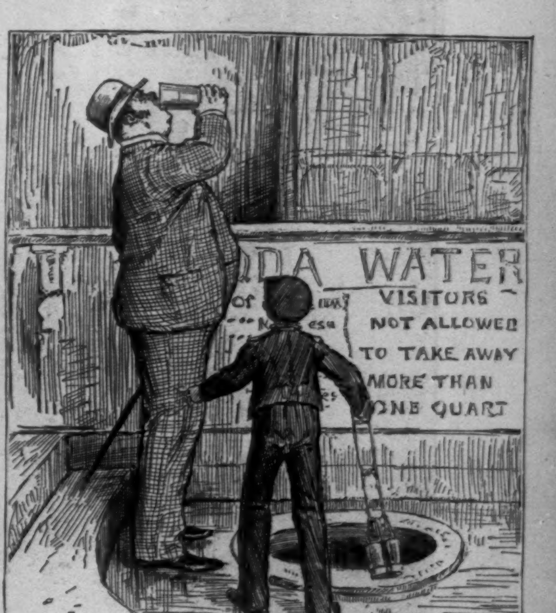
DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT.

Stubbs (*taking a tramp through the Park*). "Hello! 'Fine Fishing.' I wish I had brought my hook and line along."



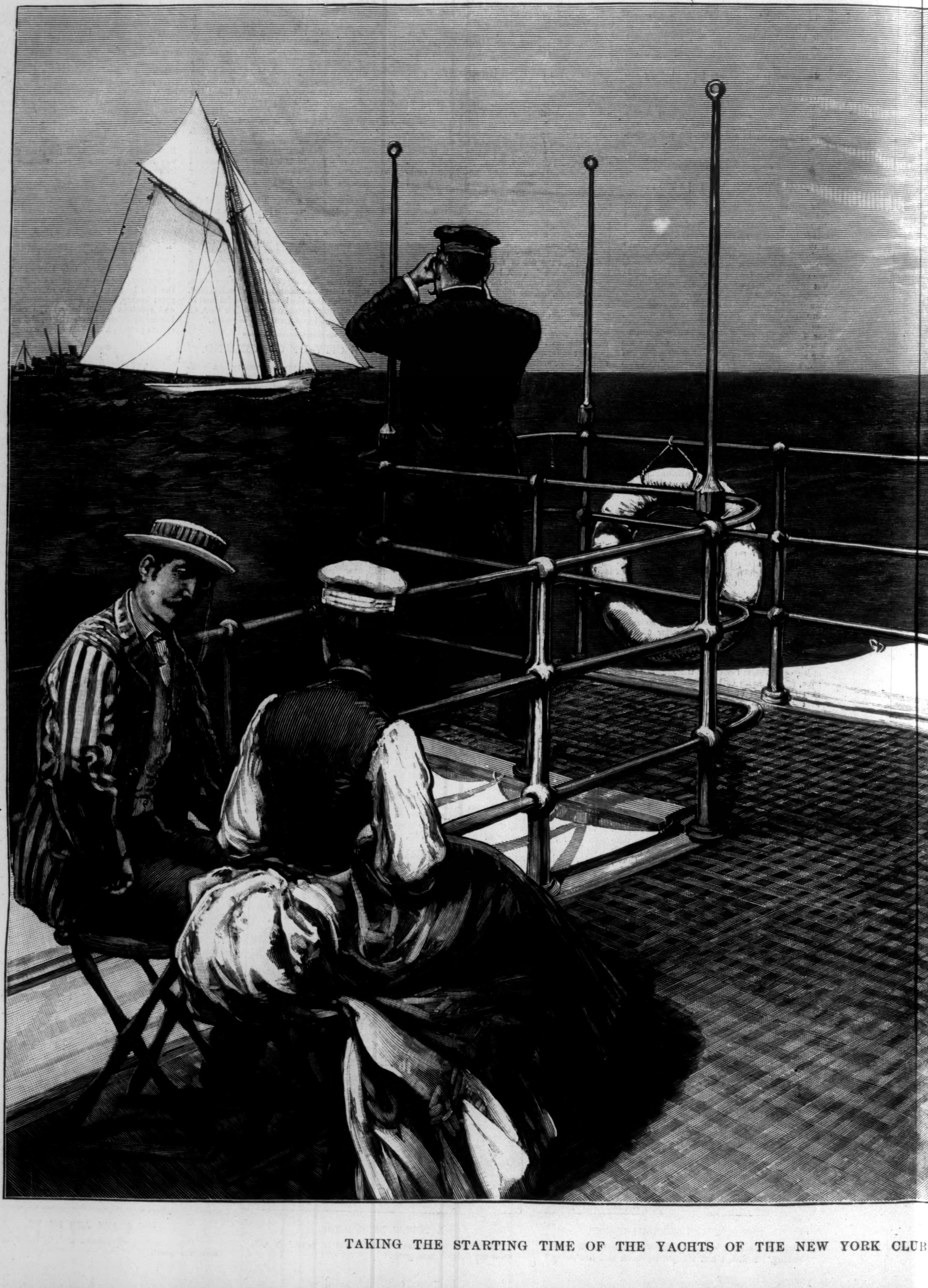
A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

Travelling Bill-Poster. "Oi b'lieves in pastin' de bills whur dey'll do de most good!"

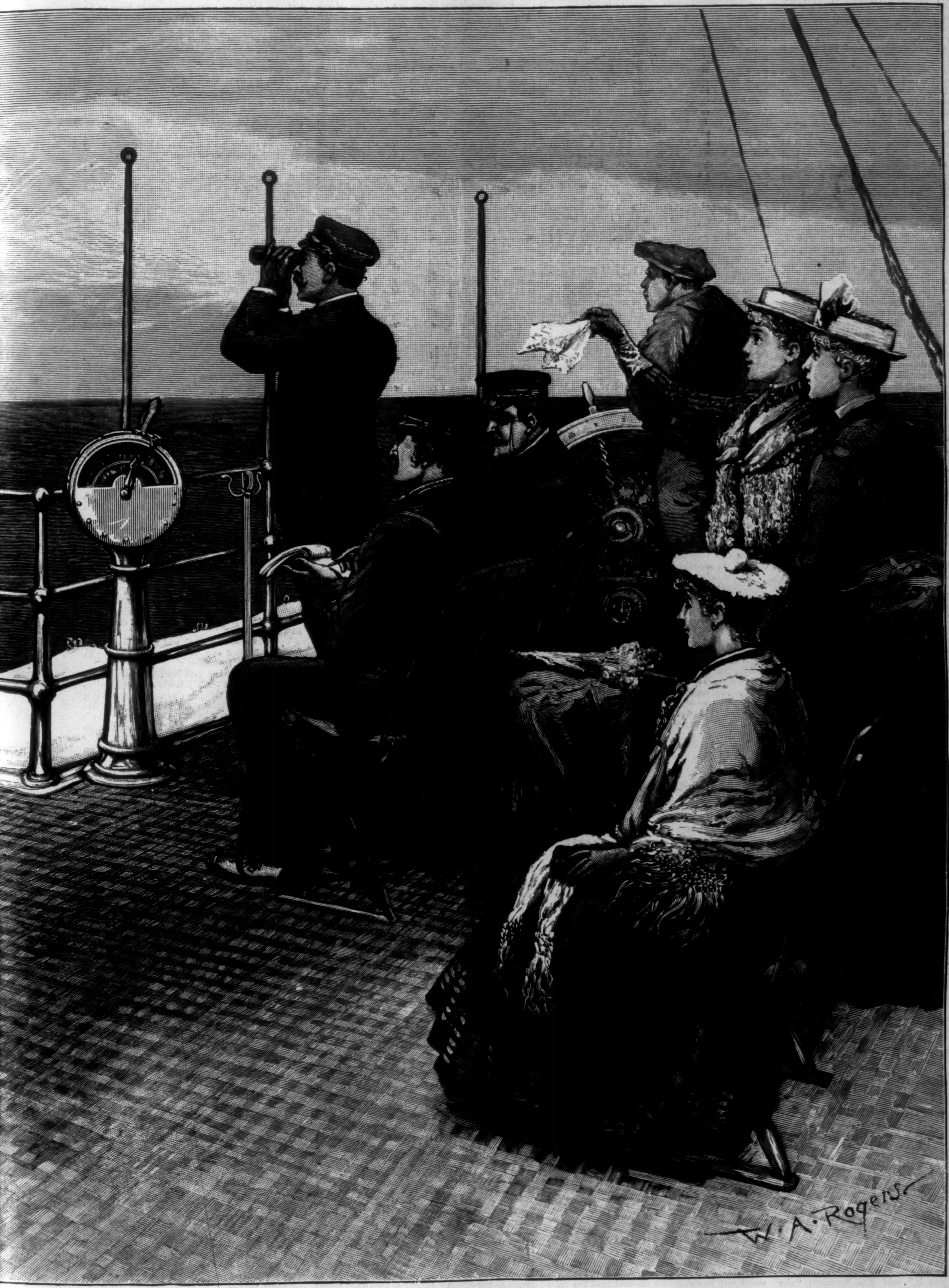

DA WATER
VISITORS NOT ALLOWED TO TAKE AWAY MORE THAN ONE QUART
Newell 87

HE DRANK AND DRANK.

"Please, mister, an' visitors ain't 'lowed t' take away more'n a quart."



TAKING THE STARTING TIME OF THE YACHTS OF THE NEW YORK CLUB F



FROM THE "ELECTRA."—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 718, Supplement.]

BROTHER HUMBRITE'S ADVICE.

By JOHN HABBERTON.

"Try the sponge-cake, Milly?"

"No, thank you, mother," said the girl addressed.

"You'll take some of this peach jam, anyhow; it's the pound for pound kind, you know."

"I guess I don't care for any," the girl replied; then she pushed her chair from the supper table, and abruptly left the room, before her father could finish saying, "A good strong cup o' tea is about the thing you need, daughter."

As the door closed, the two old people looked significantly at each other, and Mrs. Browsey said to her husband, "I tell you, Enoch, as I've told you before, there's something wrong with that gal."

"An' I tell you, Elviry, same as I've told you lots o' times, that I know it, an' what's wuss, I don't know what 'tis, an' you ain't any wiser 'bout it than I be."

"'Tain't very kind o' you to twit me with it, though, Enoch; you know I'm her mother, an' she's my only one."

"Now, mother, don't go to takin' it that way. You know I don't mean nothin' but the truth, which ain't no harder on you than 'tis on me. An' I give myself fits for it sometimes when I'm all alone in the store. It's bad enough to have my only child—bless the precious youngster!—down in the mouth all the time, without havin' all the pride took out o' me by not bein' able to do anything for her. When she gets out o' sorts, I ain't wuth more than a last year's almanac. It's humiliatin', besides bein' painful. I don't b'lieve another cup o' tea 'll hurt me, Elviry."

"I do b'lieve," said Mrs. Browsey, as she tilted the teapot, "that what Milly needs is to see a doctor."

"Doctor?" echoed the husband; "what for? What does a gal want of a doctor when she's got the reddest cheeks an' brightest eyes in the township?"

"Well," said Mrs. Browsey, meekly, "I ain't sure. Only if 'tain't that, what is it? *I* can't think of anything, onless mebbe she's backslidin'."

"Now, Elviry," said Mr. Browsey, appealingly, "what is there for her to backslide to? Don't she read her share of the chapter at family prayers every mornin'? Don't she 'tend preachin' ev'ry time it's our turn to be ministered to on the circuit? Don't she go to Bible class ev'ry Sunday, besides always answerin' for herself at class-meetin'—the same one we're members of—so we hear her testimony ev'ry time? Bless her innocent heart! when Brother Humbrite says, 'Sister Mildred Browsey, how is it with your soul this week?' an' that dear gal stands up, and looks down at the back of the bench in front of her, an' gives her reason for the hope that's in her, I sometimes wonder how the angels keep from swoopin' down an' kerryin' her off to keep company with them to all eternity."

"It don't do to be too confident," said Mrs. Browsey. "As the 'postle says, 'Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.'"

"Yes, that's all right for men—the 'postle says 'him,' just remember—but I don't believe 'twas meant to apply to gals, not to gals like Milly, anyhow. Besides, there's no place for her to fall—except fall in love. Say, Elviry, that ain't such a bad joke, is it? Do you see?—'fall,'—fall in love."

"Yes, I see," said Mrs. Browsey, severely, "but I don't want to; it's wicked to joke on sacred subjects."

"Nothin' sacred 'bout backslidin', is there? But say, Elviry, it ain't possible it's that, is it? I mean there's no chance that our little gal is in love?"

"Who is there for her to be in love with?" said Mrs. Browsey, so savagely that her husband dropped with a crash a teaspoon which he had been twirling. "You know perfectly well that there ain't a young man in the township that's fit to hold a candle to her. Besides, she's too young; she only went out of short dresses last year. She oughtn't to think of such things for years yet. She—"

"She's just eighteen—exactly three months older than you was when you said 'Yes' to a certain young fellow who I s'pose it isn't necessary for me to give the name of," said Mr. Browsey.

"*I* sha'n't think of her fallin' in love, anyhow, for years to come," said Mrs. Browsey. "She's my only child, and she's goin' to be her mother's comfort a long time yet before any man drags her away. I try to lead a Christian life, and not to have enmity to nobody; but if any man comes a-courtin' o' that gal, I do believe I'll tear him limb from limb, an' scratch his eyes out afterward."

"Oh, leave him his eyes, Elviry," suggested Mr. Browsey; "he couldn't do no harm to speak of with 'em after the rest of him had been hauled out o' j'int. Draw the line at his eyes, Elviry."

"G'long to the store, or *your* eyes won't be wuth nothin' to your specs," said Mrs. Browsey, pushing her lord and master toward the door.

The merchant stood on the threshold, caressed his hat brim, looked inquiringly at several shrubs and flowering plants in succession, and finally remarked: "Well, Elviry, but s'posin'—only s'posin', you know—that such a thing should be as that she's took a fancy to a young man, or thinks she has, who on earth could it be?"

"That's just it," said Mrs. Browsey; "she don't see young fellers anywhere except at Bible class, and in the street, an' at meetin' when our Sunday in the month comes round for preachin'. Nobody ever beaus her home from any place. That's why I 'ain't got any patience with the notion, an' think she needs a doctor."

"Which she don't, no more'n a cat needs a pocket-handkerchief," interrupted Mr. Browsey.

"Or that she's backslid, an' the trouble's speretual," continued the wife. "Folks don't need to be bad to have troubles of the soul; lots of them that's been converted has had seasons of depression an' oncertainty afterward, an' mebbe she's goin' through some of those times. You know how squeamish young folks are about talkin' on such serious subjects. I know when I was under conviction there was whole months when I couldn't have said a word about it to father or mother. I'd have died first."

"Mebbe you're right; mebbe that's it," sighed Mr. Browsey. "Mebbe she's got a load on her soul crosswise, so it don't fit right, an' she needs to be showed how to fix it. Mebbe she's tryin' to carry a cross that was meant for somebody else; young church members can beat the Dutch at that sort of blunderin'. Who knows but the dear child is rasslin' with the onpardonable sin? *I* had that once, while I was a probationer. I didn't know what 'twas; I couldn't have told it from a side of sole-leather if I'd seen the two of 'em side by side; but I thought I had it, all the same."

"You never told me 'bout it," said Mrs. Browsey, rather reproachfully.

"Well, the fact is," said Enoch, tracing a circle in the carpet with the toe of his boot, "it came on just 'fore I began payin' 'tention to you, Elviry, an' there was so many other things I wanted to talk to you about. Besides, I reelly don't think the onpardonable sin is exactly the thing for a young feller to trot out when he's makin' up to a gal—it might kind o' distract her attention, you know."

"What minister got you rid of it?" asked Mrs. Browsey, still interested.

The merchant seemed to search his memory for a moment; then, with eyes half closed and a countenance as cheerful as was becoming in a man who recalled so blessed a deliverance, he said: "Well, as nigh as I can remember, that minister's name was Elviry. As soon as she showed a willingness to take me in hand that onwelcome speretual visitor flickered out like a candle in an open winder."

"Sho!" exclaimed Mrs. Browsey, not entirely gratified by the compliment; "I s'posed it was more of an experience than that. Well, I wish *we* had a minister that belonged here, an' that folks could get at when they're in trouble. I'd go to him this very day about Milly, an' see if he couldn't do somethin'. But we haven't."

"Might speak to Brother Humbrite, our class-leader," said Mr. Browsey. "He ain't a minister now, but if he ain't one before long I miss my guess. He's got a call, whether he knows it or not, an' he's got a way of seein' through folks that 'll give him a powerful grip on sinners. I don't mind sayin' to you, Elviry, that I've been kept, time an' again, from doin' some things that's considered all right in the way of bizness, just for fear of havin' that solemn young man's big eyes a-searchin' me through an' through at class-meetin' on Sunday. More'n once I've wished our sect was big enough here to have more'n one class, so I wouldn't have to be upsot so often. He's young yet, too—young enough to be my son."

"He's a hundred years old in his ways, anyhow," said Mrs. Browsey. "I do believe I'll have a talk with him about Milly, first chance I get."

"I'll do it myself, if I see him first, as like enough I will. He works hard, teachin' school all day, and you ain't likely to run across him except on Sundays. Onless," said the merchant, as if he had suddenly been the recipient of an inspiration—"onless we could make an excuse to invite him to supper. Just leave it to me; I'll fix it, if you'll kind o' prepare Milly's mind, so she won't be flustered when he happens to speak to her all of a sudden. Now I'll hurry back to the store: the boy 'll be gettin' so hungry about now that he'll be eatin' up more'n his wages in lump-sugar."

As the merchant hurried down the narrow brick-paved path in his front garden he found his daughter plucking roses and lazily picking them to pieces. "Milly, blessin'," said the old man, tenderly, "do you know somethin'? If you don't come down pretty soon and help your old father keep store, as you used to do, you'll forget forever where the cinnamon-bark jar is kept."

The girl looked up again, and smiled faintly. The old man looked appealingly. Milly seemed to collect herself with some effort as she replied, "I'll go now, this very night—just for the sake of the cinnamon jar, you know."

"Why, you blessed bouncer! will you, though? Then the evenin' loafers won't stay around long, an' I can put up the shutters early, an' be home in time for family prayers with you an' your mother. Run, get your bonnet now, an' come right along; 'twon't be sundown for half an hour yet."

Arrived at the store, Browsey found that the usual contingent of evening loungers had preceded him. Each had come to purchase something, but no one was in a hurry; so, sitting, leaning, and sprawling about, each according to his own degree of deterioration of backbone, they vivisected the national, State, and local governments, made an occasional dive into foreign politics, and discussed the probabilities of wheat improving in price. Then a venerable village scandal was exhumed, as it often had been at Browsey's store and elsewhere when conversation began to flag; but a moment after Milly had entered, the crowd was fairly under way in a decorous discussion of the spiritual status of the village.

The statements and conclusions that were voiced were not new; Milly had heard them all over and over again, at the very same place and from the very same speakers, so she tried to amuse herself by rummaging in drawers and boxes where ribbons, laces, and gloves were kept. Her father noted with sorrow that she did not even glance toward the place where the cinnamon jar stood.

Finally one lounger remarked, "They do say that the school-teacher is goin' to give up larnin' young uns, an' goin' to try to teach grown-ups somethin'."

"*That's* nuthin' new," said another. "He's a-doin' that now. Don't he run the Bible class, besides bein' the only Methodist class-leader in town?"

"*Ev'ry*body knows that," said the first speaker, contemptuously, upon which every one looked at him inquiringly. Even Milly seemed curious, for the subject of conversation was her own teacher, on week-days as well as Sundays. The speaker was gratified by the interest he had excited, and searched his imagination for news enough to repay his auditors. All he had heard was that Humbrite had been advised by the circuit rider to apply to the Quarterly Conference for permission to preach. There was nothing startling about this. How could he make the statement stronger, more interesting, without stretching the truth beyond the safety-point? At last he said, "He's goin' to be a missionary."

Milly dropped some ribbon at which she had been looking; the store cat, which had been soliciting a romp, accepted the rolling, unwinding silk as a challenge, seized it joyously, and had his ears soundly boxed for his vivacity. There was silence for a moment or two, while the several intellects in the store strove to entirely absorb the information about Humbrite. Then the oldest of the loungers asked,

"To what furrin parts?"

"I dun know as I rightly heerd the name of the place," replied the informant, probably with a desire to return to the vicinity of the truth. "I guess, to make sure, I'll trot over home an' see if my wife's heerd any particulars." Then the speaker prudently withdrew before he could be questioned farther.

"See here, fellers," suggested a man who had entered too recently to be entirely toned to the placidity of men prepared to consume a long evening in desultory chat, "let's all go find out. 'Tain't ev'ry day that a feller-bein' gets a call from so fur away, an' its only showin' a proper sperit for us to take a neighborly interest in the teacher."

"That's so; let's," assented another. "Like enough we can get some word about it in the barber shop, or down to the hotel."

So saying, he started, and the others followed so rapidly that in a moment Mr. Browsey and his daughter were alone. The merchant breathed a sigh of relief, and said:

"Thank goodness for *that* yarn! May as well put up the shutters now an' go home, I s'pose."

"Is it a yarn? Don't you believe he's going?" asked Milly, quickly.

"Goodness knows, dearie. I never take the trouble to believe stories that come in that way. If I'd tied to half the stories that's been told in this store evenin's, I don't believe I'd know the truth about anything on earth."

"But don't you think he's going to be a missionary?" persisted Milly.

"Oh, mebbe he's said that mebbe he'd like to preach the Word to them that's lost, if mebbe he had the right kind of a chance. He wouldn't be so bad at it either. What do you think?"

"Think?" the girl echoed. Her eyes flashed, her face filled with color, and her lips grew fuller as she continued: "I think he'd be a stupid and an idiot to think of doing such a thing."

"Mercy on us, child!" exclaimed the old merchant, "do be careful. You oughtn't to talk that way about the class-leader."

"That's just the reason," exclaimed the girl. "Isn't there enough for him to do where he is? Suppose he goes away, and some one gets under conviction, what are they to do, no preacher being here?"

The merchant paced the store floor until he reached the semi-seclusion of the rear room, in which were kept "heavy" groceries; then he whispered to himself: "No mistake about it; it's just as Elviry thought. I know the signs; I was just that sputchy an' quick-tempered when I had the onpardonable." Then he returned briskly to the front, and said: "Let us go home early, through the full-moon, an' give your ma a pleasant surprise. See if you can't remember somethin' she wants, while I— Goodness!"

The exclamation was unavoidable, for just as the old man was stepping out of the front door to close his windows, a man who was entering came in violent collision with him.

"Well, Brother Humbrite," said the merchant, "I'm right glad to see you, even if you did a'most knock me down. Come in. Milly dear, here's Brother Humbrite."

There was in Milly's eyes none of the fire of a moment before as she raised them to greet the young man, and then dropped them quickly as they met the always earnest, searching glance of the teacher and class-leader.

"You're just the man I want to see, Brother Humbrite. You know I've got all the Bible Society's books for this county upstairs here. Well, I— Milly dearie, just keep store for me a minute, while Brother Humbrite and I go upstairs, will you?"

The merchant lit a candle, led the way to the upper room, and to some boxes on which the Bible Society's books were heaped. Then he said: "I'll have to ask you to forgive a little deception, Brother Humbrite. What I really want to speak to you about is her." A backward thrust of the thumb emphasized his meaning. "Somethin's amiss with her. I thought 'twas her health; her mother 'lowed 'twas her soul, an' I've come to the conclusion her mother's right. Now you can't think, not bein' a parent yourself, how hard 'tis for a father or mother to talk to her about it. She only makes light of it before us; but you, bein' her class-leader, she'd have to be straightforward to, so I want to ask you to speak to her."

To the old man's great relief, the class-leader did not fix the earnest, searching eyes upon him, but upon the candle. He seemed to be thinking of what to say.

"I s'pose what I'm askin' is somewhat unusual," the merchant continued, "an' I don't wonder you don't answer off-hand, but I don't reelly see, though I've been among the saved nigh onto thirty year, what there could be out of the way about it. We 'ain't got no regular preacher, you know, so you're the next best thing; you're her speretual adviser, so to speak."

"I have no objection, so far as I am concerned; but whether Miss Browsey—"

"Now see here, Brother Humbrite, don't go to Miss Browseyin' her. She's Milly—just little Milly, that you saw through the last two years of her schoolin', an' mended quill pens for, an' kept in when she didn't know her lessons, an' scolded when she cut up durin' school-hours. 'Tain't no question of whether she'd like it; it's only this: oughtn't it to be done? An' if it ought, who's there to do it but you? Bless you! between your havin' taught her the ways of learnin' on week-days, and the ways of grace on Sundays, she's got that trust in you that she'd take whatever you'd say as a matter of course."

The class-leader, with head slightly bowed and averted, still contemplated the candle or the candlestick, the merchant could not determine which. But the old man afterward said that the class-leader's eyes never were bigger than during those few moments in which they had so little of consequence to look at. The young man finally cleared his throat, and said, "I should not like to make a mistake, Brother Browsey, for—"

"Why, there's no mistake to make," said the merchant. "Of course I don't ask you to go at her hammer an' tongs—you wouldn't do that anyhow; you've got sense about such things. Why, *I* could do it easy enough, if I was class-leader, an' she was anybody else's gal. I'd start with the weather, an' how thankful we ought to be to the Good Bein' that we 'ain't had even a touch of cyclone this year, when some others 'ain't been spared! Then it's easy enough to edge along to other blessins', an' then to squeeze in little feelers of questions ontil you find out what the trouble is. Goodness! I wish the store-keepin' bizness was as easy a job as that 'll be."

"I don't see how I could find a convenient opportunity," said the leader, still staring at the tiny flame of the candle.

"Why, go down in the store right now an' have it out," said the merchant, somewhat impatiently. "I'll stay here an' watch that confounded candle for you."

The young man started, and his sallow cheek flushed. "Some one would be sure to come in and interrupt," he said.

"Then walk home with her; I'll make an excuse to stay here. It's just the sort of night to talk about holy things—clear, an' quiet, an' a big full-moon helpin' show how God loves the world an' all that's in it. Come on; 'Now's the only time we're sure of.' That's my bizness motto."

The merchant was so firm in the conviction that his plan was correct that he took his companion's sleeve, led the way down-stairs, and said: "Milly, dearie, I find I've got to stay awhile longer, an' as your ma won't be easy till one of us turns up, I've asked Brother Humbrite to see you home."

Milly seemed somewhat surprised, and the look with which she met a quick glance of the class-leader's eye was not cordial, but she prepared to obey. As she came from behind the counter her father waylaid her behind the heap of merchandise on which the cat had succumbed to a fit of depression, put his arm around her, and whispered, "Take Brother Humbrite's advice, dearie; it's for your lastin' good."

The couple went out awkwardly, each seeming to keep as far as possible from the other. The old man followed softly as far as the door, after which his eyes went with them a little way. They crossed the street, keeping the narrow wooden walk between them; then Humbrite awkwardly offered his arm, almost stopping as he did it. Milly quite as awkwardly accepted the courtesy, and a moment later the shadows of the trees on the other side of the street hid the couple from view.

"I ought to have told her," said the old man to himself, as he slowly walked back into the store, "not to sass him off-hand about goin' off to preach to the heathen. She's a good gal, but she *does* know ev'rything, just like I did at her time of life. Well, well, it's all in the Lord's hands now; there's nothin' more that I can do."

A moment later the old man seemed to change his mind, for he went hastily into the back room, dropped on his knees, raised his hands, and whispered earnestly, until a footstep at the door called him back to the cares of this life.

Between customers and loungers the merchant was detained an hour longer; then he hastily closed the store and went home. His wife stood in the doorway and greeted him with, "Where's Milly?"

"Gracious! ain't she home yet? Well, it's all right; what we was talkin' about came to pass. I guess the Lord's hand was in it, Elviry. Brother Humbrite dropped into the store, an' I just made him see her home an' talk to her this very night. I s'posed they'd have got here before this, though."

"Mebbe they've dropped into a neighborhood prayer-meetin' somewhere," suggested Mrs. Browsey, "though I don't know where one was bein' held to-night."

"Mebbe hers is one of those troubles that takes a sight of talk to set right," said the husband. I do hope," he continued, after a short pause, "that she 'ain't inherited the onpardonable from me, but there's no tellin'. 'The sins of the father shall—'"

"There's no likelihood of that," said Mrs. Browsey. "The onpardonable sin has been out of fashion these fifteen years at least. And I do wish she'd get home; this early fall weather makes me powerful sleepy."

"I reckon we can keep awake for her this once," said the old man, somewhat reproachfully; "but I don't mind sayin' I'd like to hear the upshot of it."

"I hope she'll tell," said the mother, "but there's no knowin'. An' I hope she don't catch cold; the dew's powerful heavy to-night. I ought to have put somethin' on my shoulders before I come out here. Come into the house."

"Wait a minute," said the husband. "Somebody's comin' along now; I heard him stub his toe on the roots of that elm that's growed into the path. Yes, I see somebody. It's them."

The old man pushed his wife into the house and followed as hastily as if they were a couple of thieves instead of rightful tenants and owners. Both hurried to a window that commanded the gate. Mrs. Browsey leaned against her husband, who put a stout arm around her waist.

The gate opened; Milly stood with one hand upon it and the other on the post.

"That looks bad," muttered Browsey; "appears as if she'd heard enough, an' didn't want him to come in an' continue the subject. I don' know, though; pretty hard to get ahead of Brother Humbrite when he thinks he's right. See! he's whisperin' the rest of it to her. An' he's finishin' off with a prayer—see? His hat's off and his right hand's up."

"There he goes," observed Mrs. Browsey.

"An' here she comes," replied her husband.

Milly hurried over the rose petals with which she had strewn the garden walk an hour or two before. Her parents stood just within the door of the unlighted hall to receive her.

"Well, dearie?"

"Well, father?"

"Milly!"

"Mother!"

There was a rustle of feminine garments, and then the sound of several kisses in quick succession, after which Mrs. Browsey murmured, "Gracious sakes!"

Mr. Browsey groped about in the partial darkness, found one of his daughter's hands, and said, "Did you two find a neighborhood prayer-meetin', dearie?"

"Prayer-meeting!" ejaculated Milly, in a tone so contemptuous that her father shivered, and asked.

"What was it, then?"

Milly did not answer promptly, but finally she said, meekly, after a tiny laugh, "'Twas more like a love-feast, father."

"Why," said the old man, "I didn't know there was any special serv—"

"Don't be a goose, Enoch," interrupted Mrs. Browsey.

"You told me to take Brother Humbrite's advice, father," said Milly, transferring her embrace to her father's neck.

"Yes."

"You said 'twould be for my lasting good."

"Yes, dearie."

"Well, I'm just as sure as I can be that you were right. But I'd never had the slightest idea before that he cared a bit for me. Some folks have always said he'd never marry, and the others said he'd be sure to pick out a serious old maid. I used to want to scratch her eyes out, whoever she might be. I think you might have given me a hint—just a little bit of a hint, that he'd been in love with me for months."

"In love—with you?" gasped the old man.

"Enoch!" exclaimed Mrs. Browsey, "if she'd been as slow at takin' a hint as you be, I don't think she'd have got it through her head till the fag-end of resurrection day."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the old man; "an' you've had him on your mind while I've been thinkin' your soul—"

Milly tiptoed up to the altitude of her father's lips, and silenced them. The old man groped about for a chair and dropped into it, carrying his daughter with him. Then he found his voice again, and said, "As I hope to be saved, dearie, I didn't know anything about it. I sent you off with him to-night so he could talk to you about your speretual condition."

"Yes," said Milly, softly. "He tried it, but I gave him such a piece of my mind about going to be a missionary that it confused him, I suspect. Then he said he hadn't thought of being a missionary, there were so many reasons against it. I asked him what they were, and he told me the first one, and—and he didn't get any further."

"Then I s'pose," said the father, in the tone of a man meditating deeply, "there's no use in askin'—though I *was* curious about it—what he whispered as you stood there at the gate, keepin' him from comin' in."

"Twasn't a whisper," said Milly, almost inaudibly.

"It looked, from this distance—"

"Enoch!" exclaimed Mrs. Browsey.

"Oh, well," said the old man, despairingly, "I don't s'pose I've got any sense at all about some things. After that he took off his hat and raised his right hand. I thought he was prayin' then, but I s'pose I'm wrong about that too."

"Oh, no, you're not," said the girl, nestling very close to her father's breast; "for what he said was, 'God bless you, darling!'"

"So Brother Humbrite's advice was—"

"That I should be his wife," said Milly, disengaging herself from her father's arms. "Say, mother, don't you suppose I could find—in the dark—that piece of sponge-cake I couldn't eat at supper-time?"

THE LAND OF THE MOUNSEER.

By MAX O'RELL.

THE FRENCH IN ENGLAND.

A FRENCHMAN out of France is very much like a fish out of water.

Of all the European people, the French are those who emigrate the least. Their country is large and rich enough to feed them and give them employment, the family ties are very close, the ambition for great wealth seldom exists, and they prefer living on a snug little income in France to acquiring a large fortune abroad. Not one boy is brought up with a view to being sent abroad when he is grown up. Most Frenchmen whom you meet settled out of France are men whose career was blighted by the political events of the last thirty or forty years.

Since England gave hospitable shelter to the crowd of poor Huguenots who, hounded out of their own country after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, came and settled in Spitalfields, and created the silk-weaving industry of England, that country has seen many an inrush of French fugitives into her borders. The chief were those that took place after the *coup d'état* of 1851, and after the overthrow of the Commune in 1871. At the present time there is no country where so many Frenchmen are to be found as England. Indeed, you find now over 30,000 Frenchmen settled in that country, and the number is increasing every day. This colony is not only important by its number, but it is laborious and well united, and the English need not begrudge them the hospitality they receive, for they are most useful members of the community. In twelve years, from 1874 to 1886, only two Frenchmen were condemned for acts of dishonesty committed in England, and one of these two was only a passing visitor. A good many years ago the French residing in England did not know each other, and, for that matter, did not much care to make acquaintance. Alas, it was but a poor recommendation for a Frenchman to say that he was residing in England, and if he knocked at the door of the French Embassy, and mentioned that he was French, that was enough; the door was shut in his face. It must be admitted that, in those days, England had no reason to be particularly proud of many of her French residents; but things have greatly altered since then. Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, Alphonse Esquiros came and settled on these hospitable shores in the early part of the year 1852. With them came a host of industrious and learned men, such as Charles Cassal, ex-member of the Representative Assembly of 1848, who was soon appointed to the professorship of French at the London University; Theodore Karcher, one of the leading journalists of France, who was for thirty years professor of French at the Royal Military Academy; Valentin, the famous prefect of Strasburg, whose prowess during the siege of that town by the Prussians is still engraven on the memory of the French; Nadaud, Tallandier, and many others. To these men, or rather to their memory—for most of them are gone now—we French residents in England owe a great debt of gratitude. They taught the English respect for France, and the French respect for England. They raised the teaching of the French language in this country from a makeshift to a profession, and helped, by their writings, to make the people of the two countries understand each other better. They were the real engineers of the Channel Tunnel.

Besides the French Benevolent Society and the French Hospital, there are now in London and in the provinces many French clubs and associations, which proves that the French in England no longer shun one another's company, but, on the contrary, seek it.

In these clubs and societies, where the French can be seen at home, as it were, their characteristics come out in full light; gayety and good-fellowship reign, but tempered, if one may say so, by the little national failings, jealousy, and yearning after elective titles. These societies, we see, are subdivided into sections, committees, commissions, etc., each having a president, a vice-president, a treasurer, a *secrétaire-rapporteur*, a *secrétaire-archiviste*, and what not. For that matter, you will never see half a dozen Frenchmen meet round the table, for the discussion of anything but a good dinner, without appointing one of their number president, another vice-president, etc. Each one must have a title, and if there are six members and only five titles to be dispensed, the one who is left out sends in his resignation, and goes about abusing the other five. It seems up to now as if the Republic had failed to make the French people real Republicans. We are destitute of the first requisites of a Republican—respect and obedience to elected governors, and deference to the voice of the majority. Universal suffrage may be absurd, but having chosen to establish it, we should abide by its decisions, whether they concern the government of a society or of the nation. I am afraid it is our misfortune to have made a Republic before we had made Republicans of ourselves. However this may be, the French societies in England are doing good work, especially the Society of French Teachers, whose aim is to improve the teaching of French in England, and to help honorable and intelligent compatriots.

You will meet a type of Frenchman who, after residing ten, fifteen, and twenty years in England, cannot speak English. He is proud of it, and sometimes wonders that, with so many Frenchmen in England, the English do not all speak French by this time. But he will tell you that the English have no aptitude for languages. Although he has lived five years in the same apartments, could you believe that his landlady still compels him to give his orders in English? He receives his paper from France every day, and avoids reading an English one. Why should he try to perfect his knowledge of the English language? He knows he speaks it badly, but he assures you that you require very few words to make yourself understood of the people. This worthy Frenchman carries his patriotism to the extent of buying all his clothing in France. He would not for the world invest in a cravat or a pair of gloves of English manufacture. He declares it impossible to wear English garments, and almost impossible to wear out French ones. Besides, he does not see why he should not give his country the benefit of some of the guineas he has picked up over here. Like every child of France, he has the love of fine linen, and, in his opinion, the article is only to be found on the other side of the Channel. So he goes about in his narrow-brimmed hat and turned-down collar, fastened low in the neck and finished off with a tiny black tie, a large expanse of shirt front, and boots with high heels and pointed toes. He holds his head high, is always smiling and happy-looking. As he goes along the street he hears people whisper, "There's a Frenchman!" But far from objecting to that, he rather likes it, and I admire him for it. He likes the English, and recognizes their solid qualities; but as he possesses many of his own he keeps to his native stock, and never tries to imitate the Englishman either in his habit or his dress. If his English vocabulary is of the most limited, his knowledge of England is still more so. He will tell you solemnly that the eldest sons of the peers of this realm are baronets, and represent in the House of Commons the boroughs that their fathers represent in the House of Lords. One of this type, and a London correspondent of a Parisian paper, once wrote to his editor that "Lord Salisbury yesterday kissed the Queen's hands on his appointment as leader of her Majesty's opposition." Another remarked that English boys are more respectful to their fathers than French ones, and to prove it he added, "In the English upper classes the son invariably calls his father *governor*—a word which is pronounced *guv'ner*." If the dear fellow speaks bad English, he will never admit that there are in England a good many Frenchmen who write and speak very good English. "Now look here," I once said to a worthy compatriot, who, in spite of a twenty years' residence in England, still horribly murders the mother tongue of Shakespeare, "Surely you will own that our friend and compatriot so-and-so speaks English very well"? "*Mon cher ami*," he quietly replied, "he speaks it like the rest of us, of course." This man is to be admired for having succeeded in remaining perfectly French after such a long residence in England. He shows his patriotism by sending his guinea to all the French benevolent societies in England, and by helping his struggling compatriots whenever he has a chance. Wherever the tricolor floats, he is of the party. After his dinner you will see him sipping a cup of coffee at the Café Royal, and on fine Sundays you will be sure to meet him at Hampton Court, Kew Gardens, or Richmond Park.

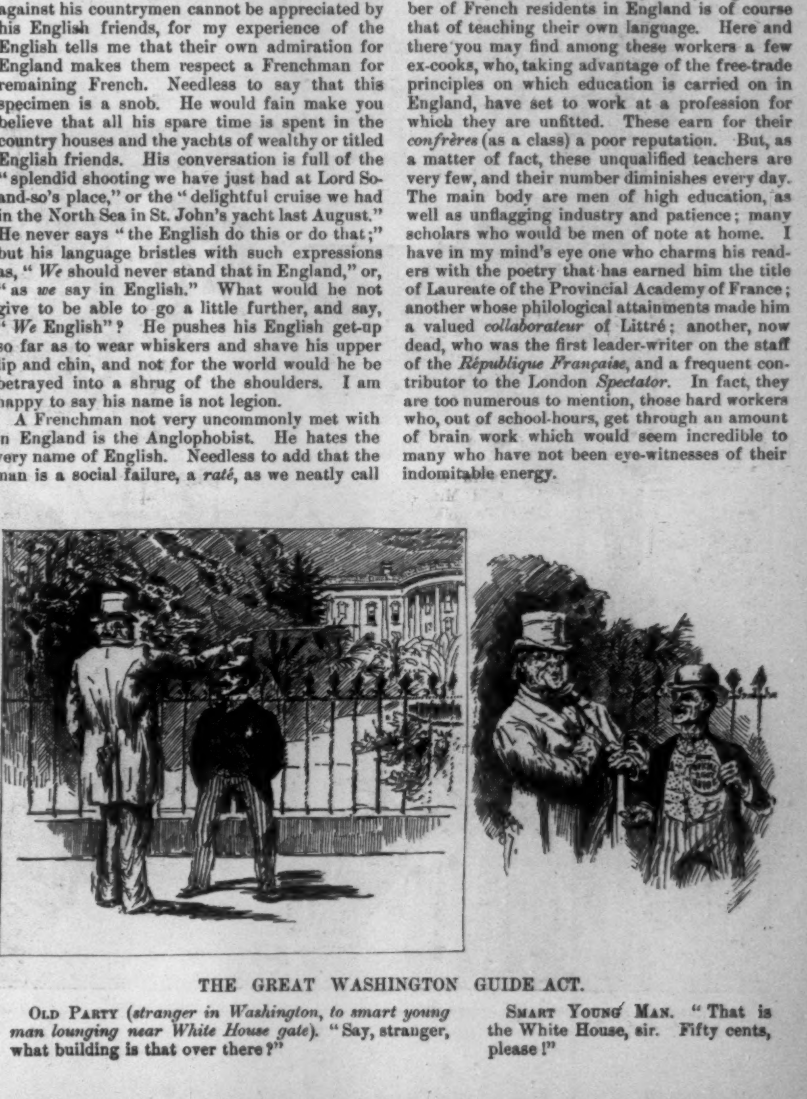
Then there is the Frenchman whose great ambition is to be thought English. He frequents only English people, gives his fellow-countrymen a wide berth, and has not a good word to say for them. I am inclined to think that his slurs against his countrymen cannot be appreciated by his English friends, for my experience of the English tells me that their own admiration for England makes them respect a Frenchman for remaining French. Needless to say that this specimen is a snob. He would fain make you believe that all his spare time is spent in the country houses and the yachts of wealthy or titled English friends. His conversation is full of the "splendid shooting we have just had at Lord So-and-so's place," or the "delightful cruise we had in the North Sea in St. John's yacht last August." He never says "the English do this or do that;" but his language bristles with such expressions as, "*We* should never stand that in England," or, "as *we* say in English." What would he not give to be able to go a little further, and say, "*We* English"? He pushes his English get-up so far as to wear whiskers and shave his upper lip and chin, and not for the world would he be betrayed into a shrug of the shoulders. I am happy to say his name is not legion.

A Frenchman not very uncommonly met with in England is the Anglophobist. He hates the very name of English. Needless to add that the man is a social failure, a *raté*, as we neatly call the specimen in French. If, by intelligence, industry, and perseverance, he had tried to build up an honorable and lucrative position for himself in England, he would probably be able to say a good word for the land of his adoption. Of course he will not lay his poverty at his own door; he prefers spending his time in running down his more successful compatriots, and throwing the blame upon England, and abusing her for not having found out his hidden merits. It never occurs to him that it was his duty to study this country and her people, and that England is not to be blamed for not having studied him and changed her ways to accommodate him. Ask him what he thinks of England. Good heavens! you will hear him say something; he calls the men all fools and knaves (perhaps he has read Carlyle), the women all guys. It is true that the cabs are swifter in London than in Paris, "but who cares to drive so fast?" He will never fail to let you know that, if he were in France, he would occupy a position worthy of his attainments. I never met this man without thinking of the Irishman who, complaining of the price of eggs in England, remarked that in Oireland he could get two fresh eggs for a penny; but when asked why he had not staid in such a land of plenty, was fain to reply, "Sure, but it's in Oireland I hadn't the penny."

I have no doubt it would do this type of gentleman good to take a leaf out of the book of a brave fellow whom I was once shown, in a fashionable restaurant in the West End, washing glasses. This plucky Frenchman had taken to glass-washing, for which he earned a shilling a night and his dinner, *en attendant* something more suited to his acquirements and requirements. Like many others, he had fled his country because he had held a post under the Commune, and was "wanted" by M. Thiers. If he had the traditional half-crown in his pocket by the time he reached England, it was as much as he could boast in hard cash, and so he bravely accepted the work I saw him at. I was not surprised to learn some time ago that he is now manager and partner of one of the large French houses of business established for the sale of French manufactured goods in England.

If you go to the Café Royal, in Regent Street, between twelve and one, you may almost every day see, seated at one of the tables, a tall, thin, gentlemanly Frenchman of about fifty, enjoying the excellent cookery of that establishment. This is no less a personage than the first cook in London. It is said that he makes an income of over £2000 a year. He is attached to no house. This is how he earns his living. In his own brougham he sets out toward evening for the house of some rich man who is going to give a dinner at which every dish must be above criticism. Here he alights, and making for the kitchen, goes through the process of tasting all the soups, sauces, and made dishes, advising, when his palate suggests, a little more salt here, a pinch of herbs there, a dash of sugar in this *entrée*, a suspicion of onion in that *salmis*, etc. This done, he pockets his fee of two guineas, and drives on to the next dinner-giving patron who has bidden him to his feast in this strange fashion. His nightly list comprises many houses all through the London season.

The employment pursued by a very large number of French residents in England is of course that of teaching their own language. Here and there you may find among these workers a few ex-cooks, who, taking advantage of the free-trade principles on which education is carried on in England, have set to work at a profession for which they are unfitted. These earn for their *confrères* (as a class) a poor reputation. But, as a matter of fact, these unqualified teachers are very few, and their number diminishes every day. The main body are men of high education, as well as unflagging industry and patience; many scholars who would be men of note at home. I have in my mind's eye one who charms his readers with the poetry that has earned him the title of Laureate of the Provincial Academy of France; another whose philological attainments made him a valued *collaborateur* of Littré; another, now dead, who was the first leader-writer on the staff of the *République Française*, and a frequent contributor to the London *Spectator*. In fact, they are too numerous to mention, those hard workers who, out of school-hours, get through an amount of brain work which would seem incredible to many who have not been eye-witnesses of their indomitable energy.



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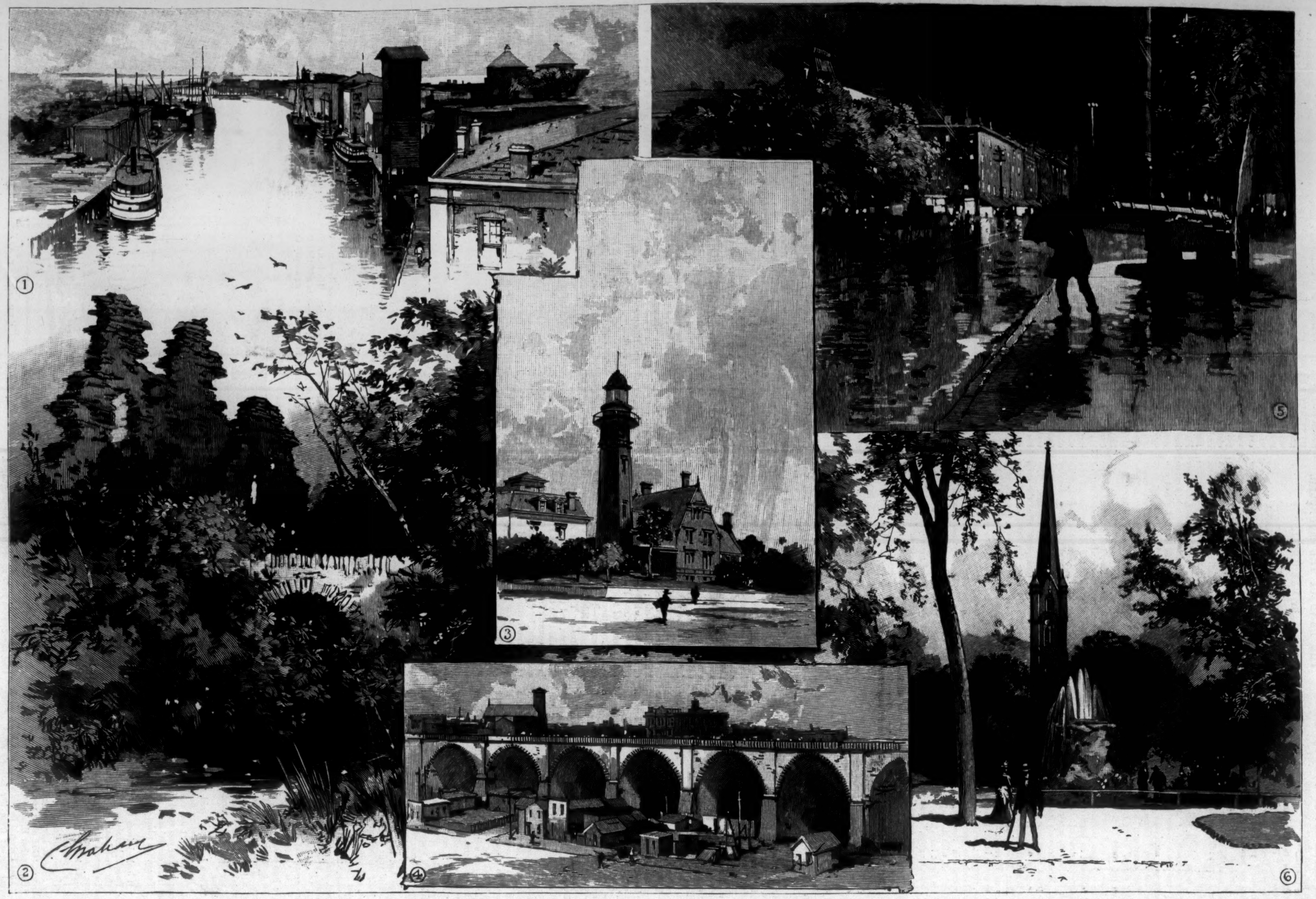
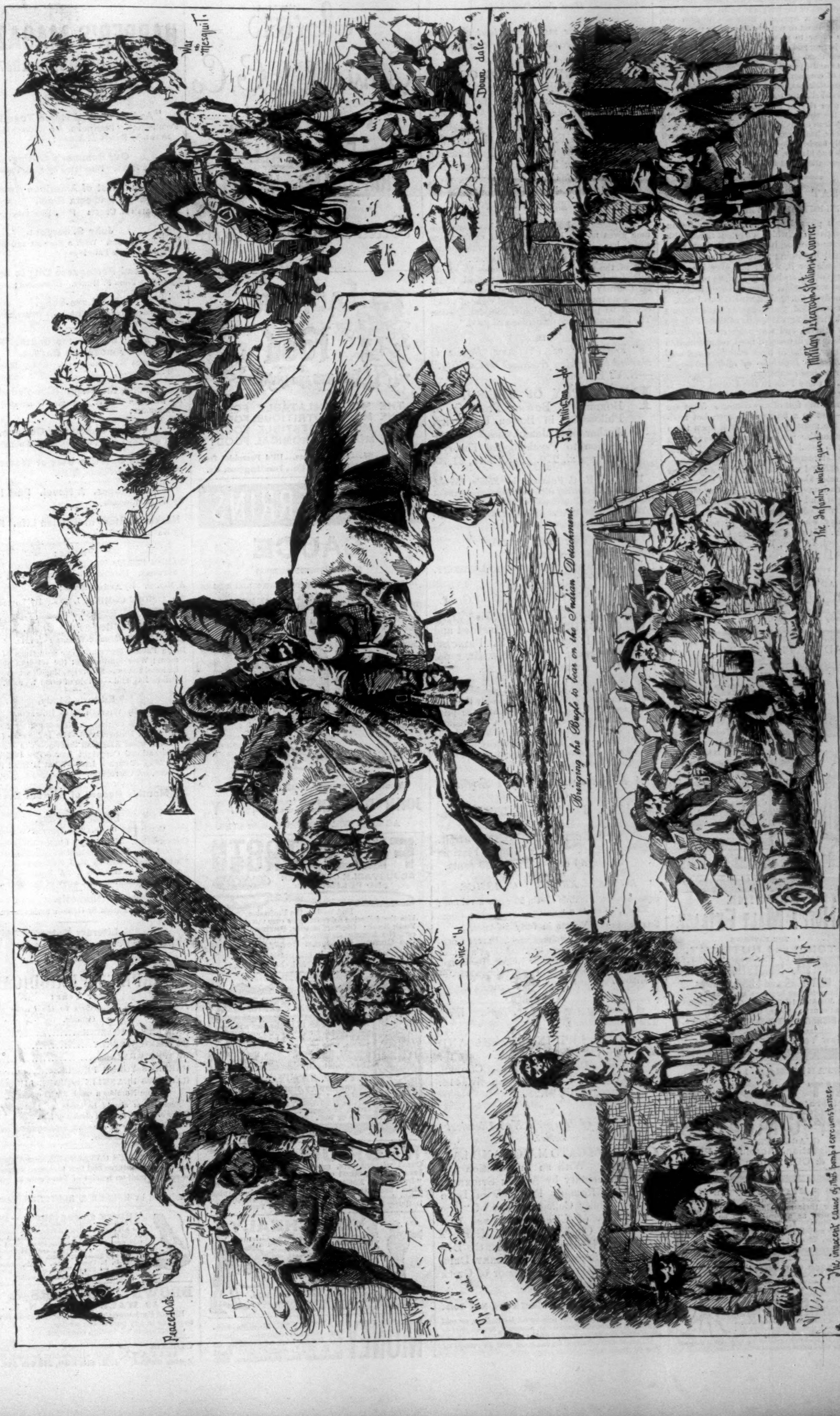


SKETCHES OF THE CITY OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 707.]

1. The River. 2. Picturesque Bit in Private Grounds. 3. The Light-house. 4. Viaduct, looking toward West Cleveland. 5. Public Square. Cannon captured by Commodore Perry. 6. The Fountain in Public Square.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TRAINING UNITED STATES TROOPS IN INDIAN WARFARE.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 707.]

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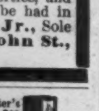

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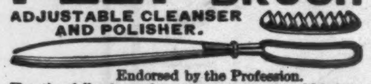

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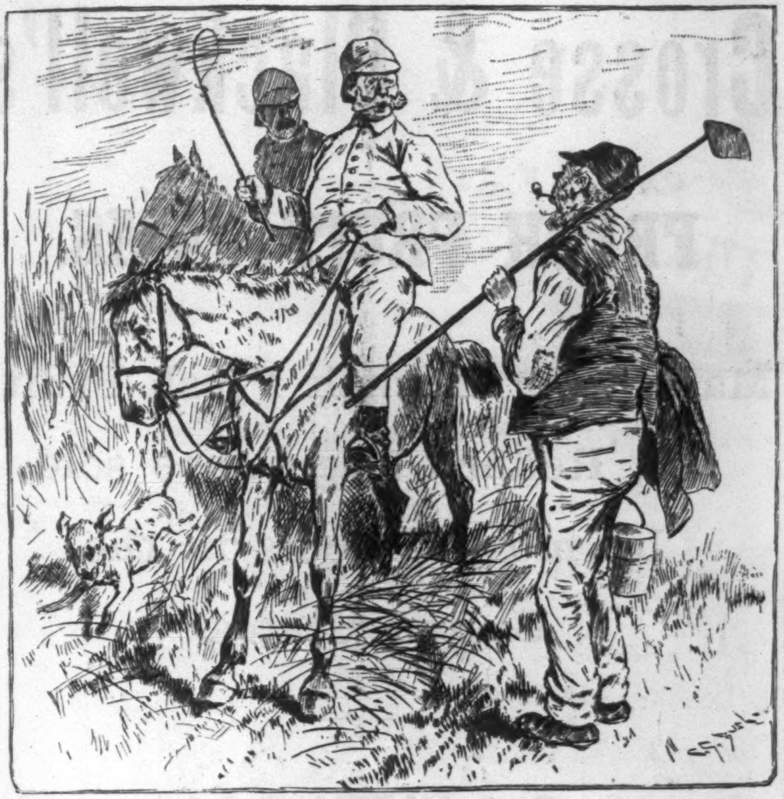

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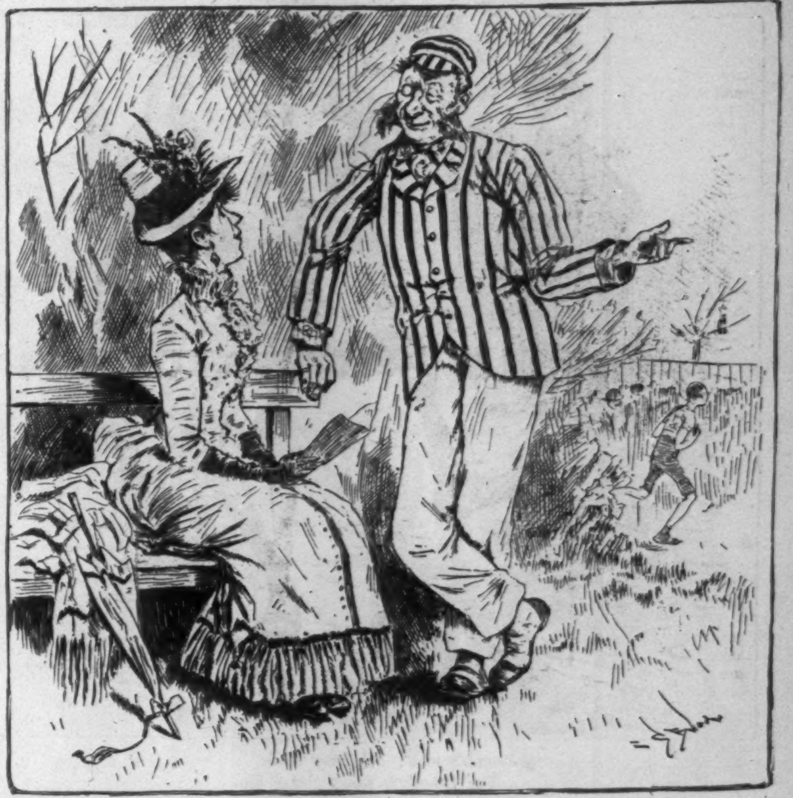
"Is it the owld man, Airthur Fox, yez has rifirinse to?"

"No; *the* fox, you know—*the* fox."

"Phwat's that ye're axin'? The owld man's son, The', wint along here last wake; but it was to the pinitinshiry they was carryin' 'im, as fast as iver they could."



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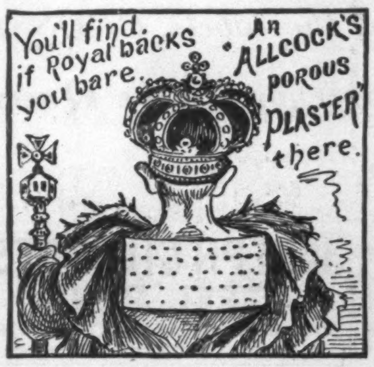
She. "Nothing to what young Wiggins did last week."

He. "What did he do?"

She. "Do! he did Pa out of fifteen hundred dollars—jumped an *awfully* high bail—I don't remember the height exactly—and landed without any difficulty in—er Toronto—wherever that is."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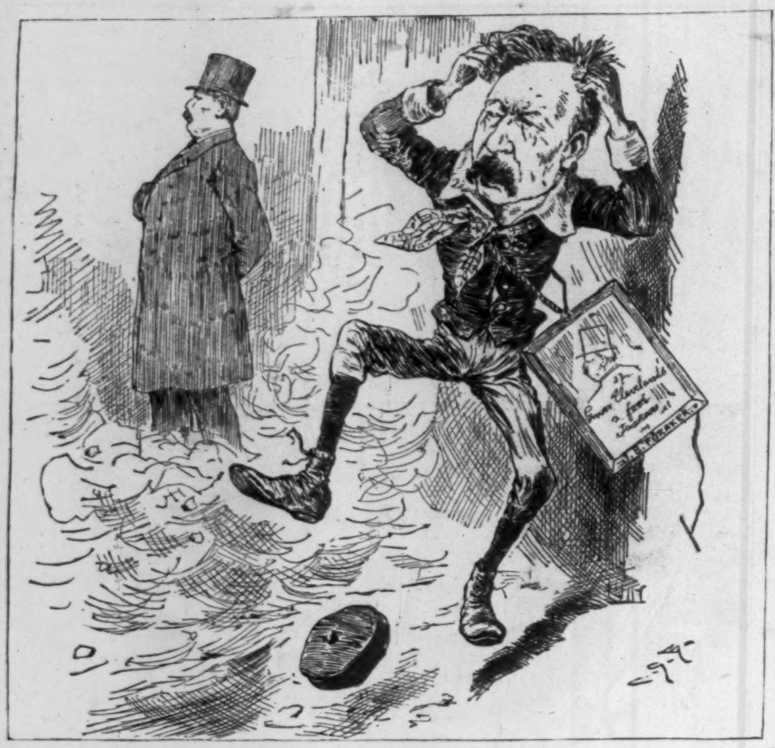

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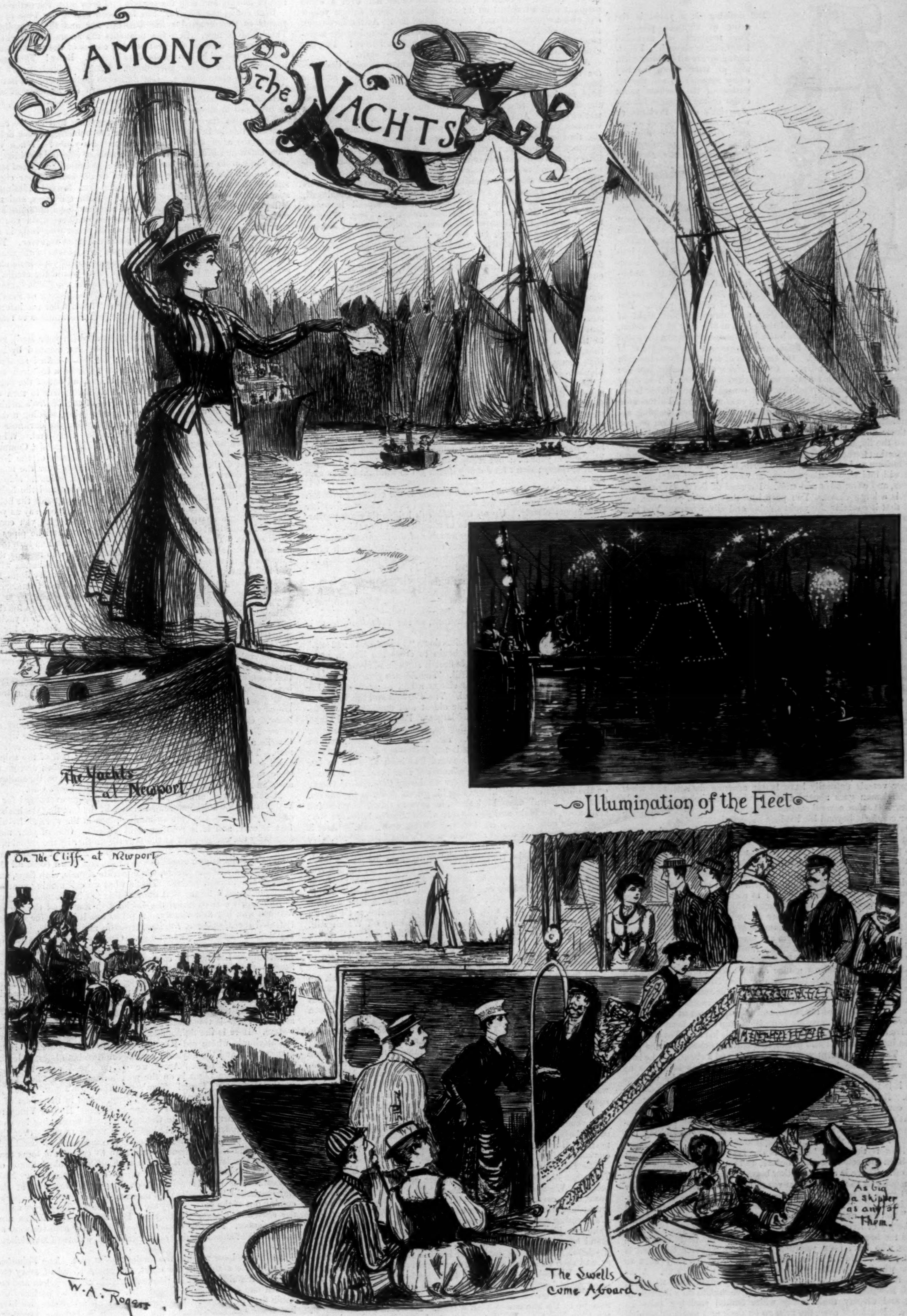

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LIFE ON BOARD A YACHT.

THE cruising on a yacht is the acme of summer pleasure. The majority of mankind knows little about it. Yacht-racing we are all familiar with, and we troop down the bay every summer to see the regattas of the various yacht clubs or the struggle for the *America's* cup. Perhaps, as we sit on the decks of excursion steamers and see the knowing ones pointing out the *Norseman*, the *Rambler*, the *Resolute*, the *Republic*, the *Phantom*, the *Viking*, the *Intrepid*, and a host of other stately pleasure craft that we seldom hear of in races, we realize that there is an aspect of this amusement with which we are wholly unfamiliar.

Let us take a glance into the interior of a keel sloop forty-two feet on the water-line and forty-eight feet over all. That's a fair sample of a good cruising yacht. You pass down a short flight of steps into the cabin. Behind the steps, at the rear of the cabin, a door in the bulkhead opens into a large compartment in the stern of the vessel, where her light sails—spinnaker, balloon-jib, *et id omne genus*—are stowed. On each side of the steps is a closet, in whose door is set a mirror. On the sides of the cabin you see handsome red plush curtains on polished brass rods. You draw back the curtains, and find that they conceal a comfortable berth on each side. In front of each berth runs a cushioned divan wide enough to be used as a bed at night. That makes sleeping accommodations for four in the cabin. Lift up the cushion on one of those divans, and you will see that there is a lid underneath. Raise the lid, and the divan is disclosed as a locker full of things comforting to the inner man. On each side of the cabin, just above the lockers and at the foot of the berth, is a set of shelves. There you will find club books, navigation works, parallel rules, fids, dividers, and other odds and ends. Forward of the shelves on each side is a large closet. You peep into that on the port side, and find that it contains the yacht's china and silver ware. You look into that on the starboard side, and find oil-skins, sou'westers, charts, the taffrail log, and other marine accoutrements.

In the forward bulkhead of the cabin you find a door on each side. You open that on the starboard side, and enter the owner's state-room, which contains a good double berth, a wash-stand with running water, and lockers for clothing. Forward of this apartment is a toilet-room. You go back into the cabin and open the door on the port side. Here you find a passageway leading forward to the galley and forecastle. When the doors are closed at night this passageway becomes a state-room, for on one side of it is a single berth and some lockers.

You enter the galley, and there you find the steward's apparatus for renewing the strength of the crew and passengers. There are his stove, his ice-box, his water-tanks, his provision lockers, and what not. Just forward of the mast is a folding table for the crew's meals, and along each side of the vessel, coming together at the bow, are the men's berths. Such a yacht can cruise with six cabin passengers, the captain, the steward, and two seamen, and not be crowded, as the writer can testify from experience. A centre-board yacht of the same dimensions would differ from her in having the centre-board trunk projecting through the middle of the cabin; she would have no port state-room, would have less room in the forecastle, and would not be quite so high in the cabin. On the other hand, she would probably sail faster, go to windward better, and arrive in each port of the cruise earlier. Larger vessels naturally have better accommodations, and when the landsman goes aboard a one-hundred-foot schooner, he finds a luxuriant *salon*, several commodious state-rooms, bath-rooms, and other comforts beyond his liveliest expectations.

On the big steam-yachts the elaborateness of the appointments must astonish all who see them for the first time. The gentlemen who prefer steam as a motive power may not be as good sailors as those who trust to the fickle winds, but they have quite as much pleasure. Indeed, the American eagerness to be always moving, the disinclination to start without an objective point and a burning desire to reach it, tend to make steam-yachting more and more popular every year among wealthy people. Every landsman must notice how much more common the long black hulls and glittering brass-work of steam-yachts are now than they were a few years ago. Some of them are marvels of comfort, like Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry's noble *Electra*, while others are wonders of speed, like the invincible *Now Then*.

And now let us take a glance at life aboard a yacht during a cruise. We are to start this morning from New London for Newport. We are roused at six o'clock by the movements of the men cleaning the deck. The old hand doubles himself up in a ball, swings his feet out of his berth, and is peeping out at the weather before the beginner recovers from the bump on the head which he received while trying to sit up straight in his berth. The old hand dives into his satchel and produces a bathing dress, which he puts on. The next moment you hear a splash and a shout, and he is in the water. The beginner follows slowly; but as he comes up from that first morning plunge into the cool water he wonders how it is that the world look so much brighter than it ever did before. He climbs on deck, and goes below to dress. Before he has completed that operation he feels as if he could eat the yacht's entire stores. The ladies are dressing in their state-rooms, and in a few moments appear in the cabin, looking not quite so fresh as the men, but bright and happy.

"How is the wind?" That is the first question. The chart has been inspected the night before, and the courses and distances laid off. There is a consultation between the owner and his sailing-master as to the proper canvas to be carried, and just as every one begins to feel miserable, the steward announces that breakfast is ready. "Blessings on the man who first invented broiled fish," you say, as your appetite grows less, and your appreciation of the joy of living greater.

As the breakfast diminishes, the spirits of the party rise. The ladies, who have been yachting before, ask whether the wind is dead ahead. No; it is on the port beam. Then they want to know whether the tide is favorable. Yes, it is with us. After that the ladies look quite happy, for they know that they will reach Newport, barring accidents, early enough to do a little shopping, and display their lovely white flannel yachting suits on shore. Breakfast over, the men go on deck and assist in making sail, while the ladies sit in the cockpit and read the morning papers. A cool breeze is blowing down the harbor, and the morning is lovely.

Bang! There goes a gun from the *Electra*. What is it for? Ah! signals have just been broken out at the fore and main trucks. Quick, get the club book and the glasses. What are they? At the fore-truck a red swallow-tailed flag over a white pennant with a red ball on it; at the main-truck a square yellow flag and a square blue and white checked flag. At the fore-truck the flags are B C—"The fleet will proceed to"—and at the main-truck Q N—"Newport." Why, we knew that before! Yes, but Commodore Gerry always does things in proper style.

And now the pipe of the boatswain's whistle aboard the *Electra* rings across the water. Her anchor slowly rises, and she steams away down to the Seaflown Beacon, between which and the land the imaginary starting line is drawn. The fleet must cross the line and be timed, for every run on the cruise is taken as a test of speed. And now the *Electra* is in position. Get out your watches, gentleman, and when the preparatory gun is fired, look at the time carefully. Ten minutes are to elapse between the preparatory gun and the starting signal, and then the fleet will have fifteen minutes in which to cross the line. There are fifty-four sailing vessels and twelve steamers in the fleet. It is a noble picture. There are the steamers massing just below the beacon to see us come over. There's the *Volunteer* up yonder, with her big mainsail, club-topsail, stay-sail, and jib up, and her jib-topsail in stops. The *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, and *Atlantic* are not far away. There's the *Norseman*, the Titan of the schooners, with the pert *Sachem* laughing along through her lee like a little witch. There's the *Titania*, the terror of the second-class sloops, slipping after the *Gracie* and *Mischief*. And here's the *Cinderella* near us, hunting for the *Clara*. And there goes the *Fanita*, the fastest of all in our class.

Bang! There goes the *Electra's* preparatory gun. What's the time? It is 10:10:43 by our watches. Fleet-Captain Kortright meant it for 10:10. Now look out. Let us try to get a good position. We are heading up the harbor on the starboard tack, jammed close on the wind. Keep her so. We are near enough to the line, and we must keep to windward. Here they come, then. See how easily the *Volunteer*, with sheets trimmed flat aft, slips along. Now the *Puritan* comes up on her lee quarter and blankets her. Now the—

Bang! Never mind the other boats. Haul aft the port jib-sheet! Block her right down, boys! Now, Harry, hard a-lee! Down with it! Bowse down this backstay, some of you! Now, Charlie, give her a little sheet as she comes about! Let draw the jib-sheet! That's well; belay that. Break out your jib-topsail! That's good. By Jove! we've made a splendid start. I beg your pardon, Miss Knickerbocker; I didn't mean to stow the jib-sheet in your lap; but really you know this racing— Luff her a little, Harry; don't let Johnny Hatch get to windward of us with the *Fanita*.

And so the fleet starts. The *Volunteer* is the centre of interest. It is her first run with the squadron, and every one watches her movements closely. Up on the *Electra's* bridge they are preparing to find out what she can do in a light wind like this. There are the Fleet Captain and another member of the Regatta Committee with their watches out. The Fleet Captain is watching each yacht to see when she crosses the line, while another man counts the minutes and seconds, and a third writes down the time.

"The *Volunteer* will be next," says the Fleet Captain.

"The minutes will be twenty-two," says the man with the watch, as he goes on counting the seconds—"fifty-six, fifty-seven, fifty-eight, fifty-nine—twenty-two minutes—one, two—"

"Time!" shouts Captain Kortright, as the *Volunteer's* mast is on the line.

And the man with the paper writes down "*Volunteer*, 10:22:02." And now the stately schooners begin to cross the line in noble procession, until finally the whole fleet is across and standing down Fisher's Sound toward Watch Hill. The *Electra* gets up her anchor once more. Captain Wicks clangs a bell away down in her black hull, and she moves ahead. The *Puritan* and the *Volunteer* are having a mighty tussle. The oldest and smallest of cup defenders is after the youngest and largest. Past Ram Island Light-ship and Latimer's Reef Light they go, first one and now the other having a little the better of it. The wind is very light, and we make such slow progress that it is two bells—one o'clock—before we are off Watch Hill. The steward has been at work in our cozy little cabin, and when he announces that luncheon is ready we are not sorry. As we go below we descry Commodore Gerry on the bridge of his yacht sending his guests down to the saloon. Once they are all assembled there, he says to them, "Ladies and gentlemen, the plain and simple fare of the *Electra* is before you; if any one goes hungry on this boat it's his own fault." And it is, for the luncheon would astonish poor Charlie Delmonico, were he alive to see it.

We do not "make the longitude" every morning at six bells with the aid of a champagne cocktail, as they do on the *Electra*, but we live pretty happily on our little sloop. There is plenty of Bass on the ice, and no end of apollinaris for those who like to disguise their Hollywood. And if any man has a lobster salad that tastes better than this, he must be in paradise, not Fisher's Sound. Ding! dong! There's the old bell buoy off Watch Hill. Swing! There comes the roll of the deep blue sea. All right; seventeen and a half nautical miles of this we must take ere we round Point Judith, slandered much by landsmen, but known to yachtsmen to be no worse than Watch Hill.

Do the ladies mind the swell? Not a bit of it. They sit up on the windward rail of the cockpit and sing as they skim the foamy seas. Newport is up there behind the silver veil that shrouds the east— Newport, beloved of womankind from morn till dewy eve on each and every day of the year. The more the wind blows, the sooner we shall arrive, and if the truth must be told, the thing most women love about a yacht cruise is going ashore where there are fresh stores and fancies new. Well, here is Point Jude at last on our weather bow, and the life-saving station is decorated with flags, as it always is when the New York Yacht Club comes along. And now we shall have a beat to windward to get into Newport. No; the wind is shifting. Give her some more main-sheet, boys; ease the jib-sheet. Now we are rushing toward the Point at a fine pace! Here we are. Down with your helm gently! Haul aft the sheets! Block them right down, boys! That's good. How's she heading? Northeast by north! Hurrah! that's to windward of our course. We can lay our course right for Fort Adams, so steady as you are.

The *Volunteer* is away ahead, nearly up to Brenton's Light-ship. The other big sloops and schooners are scattered in a long line behind. We are well up in the fleet. All Newport is out in cat-boats, or in carriages along the cliffs, to see us come in. Here we are at last with Castle Hill on our lee beam. We're flying, too. It's breezing up. How's the topmast? It's two feet out of line. Take the jib-topsail off her. That eases her. Here's the fort. Stand by to slack the main-sheet. Now, then, gently. Ease the jib-sheet. Around we go. Head her for Lime Rock Light, Harry, and then we'll haul our wind on the port tack to make an anchorage. Where's the cannon? Is it loaded? Yes. Hear the other yachts' guns! Now, then, here's the *Dolphin* on our weather bow. Down on this main-sheet, boys. Haul away! Flatten in that jib! Up she comes with a rush. Now stand by to take in the jib. Not yet. We'll round to under the stern of the *Mayflower*. Now take in your jib. Stand by to let go the anchor. Let go! We must snub her; she's going too fast. That's it. What's become of the ladies? Oh, here they are, in the most unimpeachable white flannels, wanting to know how soon they are going ashore. Well, we'll be merciful to you, ladies. Lower away the gig, Charlie; we'll detail you to go ashore with them, while the rest of us stay and help the captain and crew stow the mainsail.

Here comes the *Electra*. She has been taking the time of the yachts as they crossed a line between her and the Dumplings. They're all in now. In a few moments the steam-launch will be flying around through the fleet bearing copies of the time-table of the run, prepared by the Commodore himself. Bang! There goes her gun as her anchor goes down. Bang! Hello! there's another. Ah, more signals. Get that club book again. What do they mean? "Captains will repair aboard the flag-ship at nine o'clock." Get out your best uniforms, all ye yacht owners, and be prepared to assemble at two bells to-night.

Night upon the waters! Is there anything that can be compared to this in beauty? Is there in the universe a more delectable place after dinner than the deck of a yacht? When you have eaten and drunk yourself into a state of celestial torpidity, so that you can do nothing but lie still and twinkle like a fixed star, you impart the divine fire of heaven to the end of your cigar, stretch yourself on the deck with your face toward illimitable space, and "smoke deifying tobacco." Then the stars, and the Milky-Way, and the night pennant at the mast-head undulate and melt and run together, and Morpheus comes down upon you as your soul slips its anchor and goes adrift from your body in an avatar wider than the wildest fancy of Théophile Gautier. The velvety fingers of the soft night air pat your cheeks with gentle caress, and the almost imperceptible movement of your little ship as she occasionally bobs at her anchor rocks you in the cradle of three fathoms deep. You are far away beyond the furthest stars, and are about to learn more of nebulæ than Laplace or Steven Alexander ever dreamed, when a friend fresh from the inferno grips your shoulder, and says, "You've just five minutes to reach the *Electra* in time for the meeting."

And a mighty wind arises, roaring seaward (in your soul), and you go. Click, clack say the oars as your gig, manned by two sturdy sons of Sweden, glides toward the black-hulled steamer. Ah-h-h! That is the sound which goes up from a hundred cat-boats and skiffs as the Commodore puts his head out of the deck-house and says: "On deck! Tell the chief engineer to turn on his electric lights." All around the edges of the *Electra's* awning brilliant spots of molten silver spring into being, sending a dazzling radiance over the waters, and transforming the darkness of Newport Harbor into the glitter of a marine fairy-land. When there is not a meeting of captains on board the flag-ship, Commodore Gerry, best of all Commodores in the history of the New York Yacht Club, runs these same electric lights over the mast-heads and down to taffrail and bow, dressing his splendid ship in rainbow fashion. But to-night there is a meeting, and the lights are used to illuminate the deck. At the gangway stands the boatswain with his whistle in hand. "Way enough," you say as you give your gig a sharp sheer in toward the steps. As you come alongside, the boatswain's hand goes to his cap and he pipes a shrill salute. You step on deck, and he repeats it. You turn toward the quarter-deck and salute the Commodore, who returns the salute, and then descends from his dignity to shake hands with you and consign you to the protecting care of Secretary John H. Bird, who delights in taking care of the Commodore's friends, especially when they are yachtswomen and not yachtsmen.

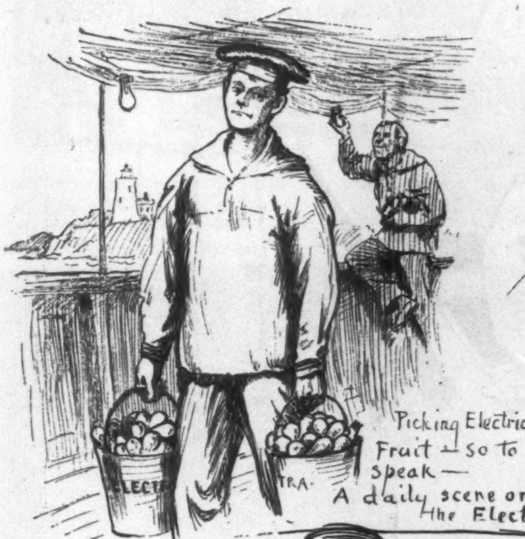
The meeting is soon over; it was called only to arrange for the sailing of the Goelet Cup Race, that greatest of all Eastern yachting contests. The meeting over, you sit on the *Electra's* broad quarter-deck and talk about the admirable performance of the *Volunteer*, or confess your quakings at the dread name of *Thistle*, till you suddenly discover that the combined influences of the early morning breezes, the salt spray in your eyes, and the *Electra's* bottled nectar in your head, are surrounding you with the strong embrace of slumber. You hasten to take your leave. Springing into your gig, you seize the yoke ropes and say: "Shove off forward. Up oars. Let fall. Give way." And off you go to your floating home. On board all is silent. No; a gentle but regular sound, as of wood-sawyers at work far, far off, floats upward, telling where Charlie and Harry are sleeping the sleep of good and true sailor-men. The cabin light burns low. The musical bell of the ship's clock strikes seven bells, and you turn the light down and go to sleep, to dream that you have beaten the *Volunteer* on time allowance, and have been selected to defend the *America's* Cup.

Morning dawns, and this time you do not go overboard for a bath, having a wholesome remembrance of the fact that the harbor of Newport is not the best swimming-place in the world. Breakfast is over, and it is nearing eight o'clock. One of your men stands by the ensign staff at the taffrail, another by the signal halyards that reeve through the main-truck. At eight o'clock the *Electra's* eloquent gun speaks once again, and down come all the night pennants of the yachts, while private signals, club flags, and ensigns rise to their places. That's what we call making sunrise, gentlemen, and it means that the yachting day has formally begun.

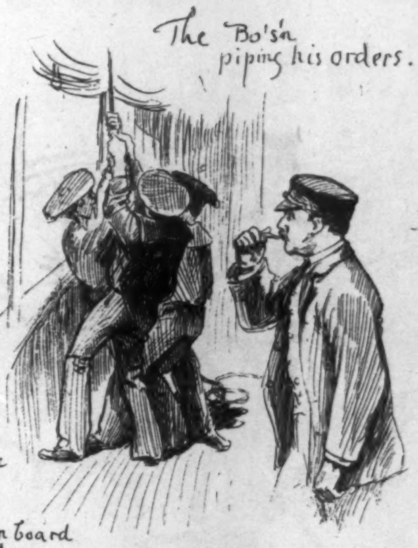
And now we have sailed the Goelet Cup Race, and the *Volunteer* has won her first victory. A proud one it is, too, for she has defeated the *Mayflower*, *Puritan*, *Atlantic*, and *Priscilla*. Ho, for Martha's Vineyard! Away we go. Once more the committee on the *Electra's* bridge times us as we rush past the Brenton's Reef Light-ship. Let her go east-southeast, Harry. The Vineyard Sound—familiarly known as Sow and Pigs—Light-ship is our first mark. The minutes and the foaming waves glide by. The ladies lie on the lockers in the cabin and read novels or do fancy-work, and execrate that law of nature which makes it impossible for a yacht to ride on an even keel with the wind anywhere save dead astern. There is Gay Head showing its gaudy face over the blue waters. Here is the light-ship close under our lee bow, and there is Cuttyhunk, where old Bartholomew Gosnold landed in 1602, naming that and the adjacent islands the Elizabeth Isles, in honor of Good Queen Bess. Away we go up the Vineyard Sound, and now Nobska Light is on the port bow and West Chop Light on the starboard. Bang! That's the *Norseman's* gun. She's at anchor. Bang! Bang! More of them. And in the midst of a general fusillade we rush to anchor in Holmes' Holl or Vineyard Haven, and hurry ashore to Cottage City, where making love on Oak Bluffs under the electric lights and riding tricycles over the asphaltum pavements are the chief occupations of mankind. Gladly would the yachtsmen tarry here to eat of the lotus that grows in the land; but it may not be. The crooked finger of Cape Cod beckons to us, and off we go on the long run to Marblehead. The sun is going down when the watchers at the Nanepashemet House—if that's its name—descry two black specks coming out of the east. They are steam-yachts. They grow under the searching glasses till they are identified as the *Electra* and *Susquehanna*. In a few moments the *Electra*, the *avant-coureur* of the fleet, is at anchor in the translucent green waters of Marblehead Bay.

And so we have reached the furthest point east. The *Volunteer* steals in like a thief in the night, two hours ahead of every one else, and the old men of Marblehead arise in their wisdom and enlighten one another as to her merits. And here let us leave the noble fleet at anchor. The Commodore's electric lights are blazing from the mast-heads; the *Norseman* is burning green-fire and the *Priscilla* red; rockets and Roman candles are adding to the general glory; a band on the veranda of the Eastern Yacht Club's house is playing "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean"; and the populace of Marblehead clings to the rocky headlands and shouts, "Great is *Volunteer* of the Bostonians!"

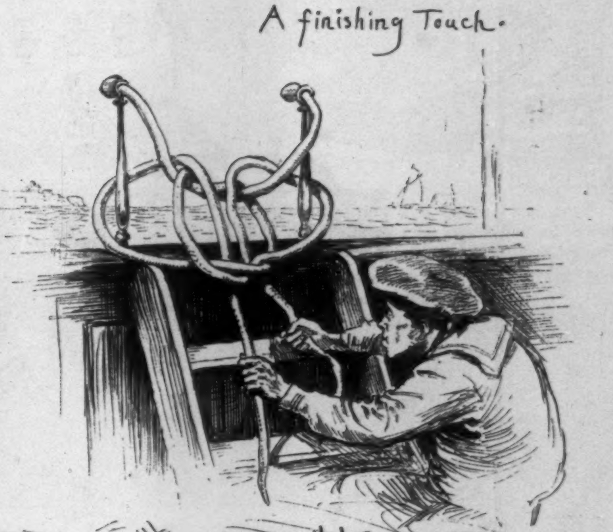
W. J. Henderson.



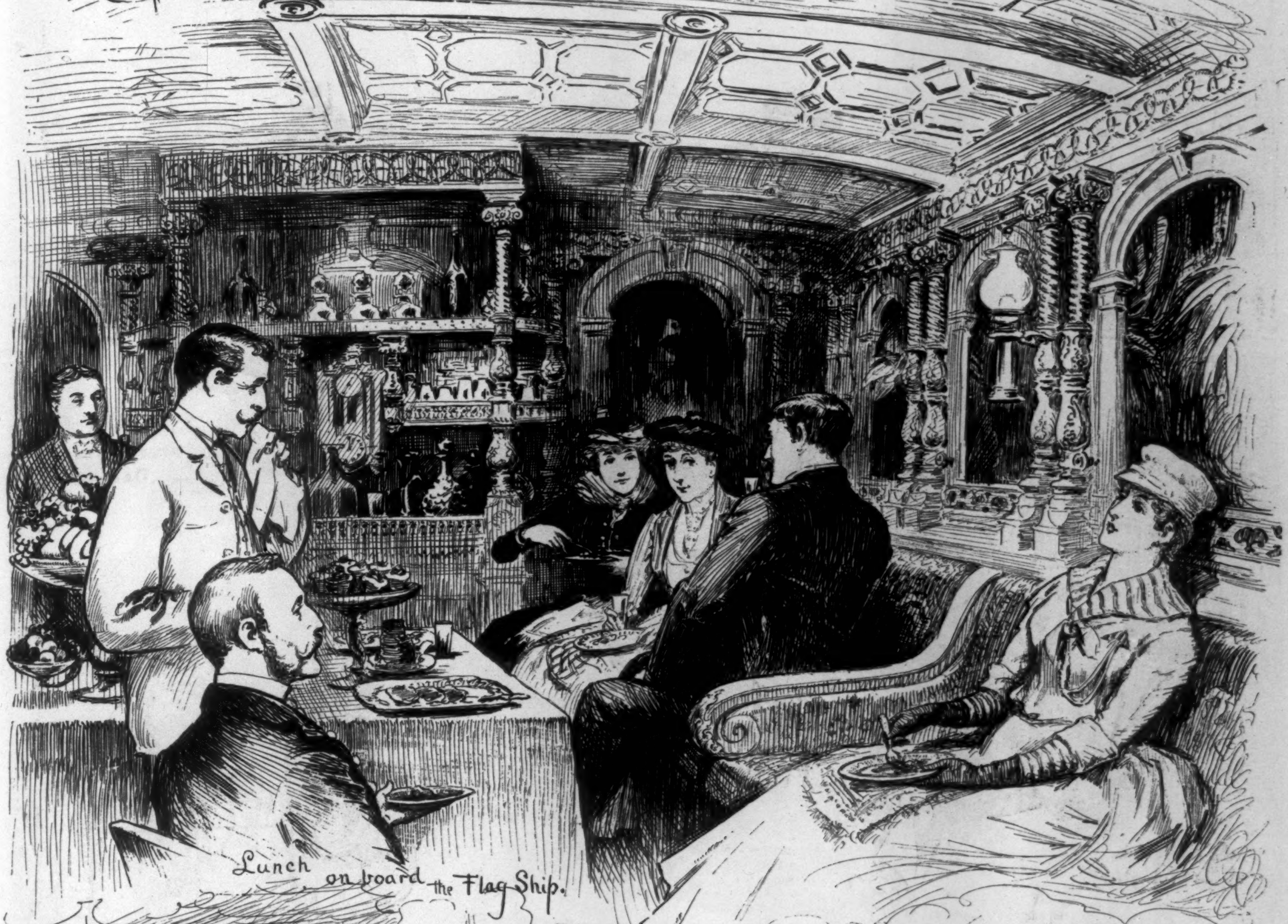
Picking Electric Fruit — so to speak — A daily scene on board the Electra



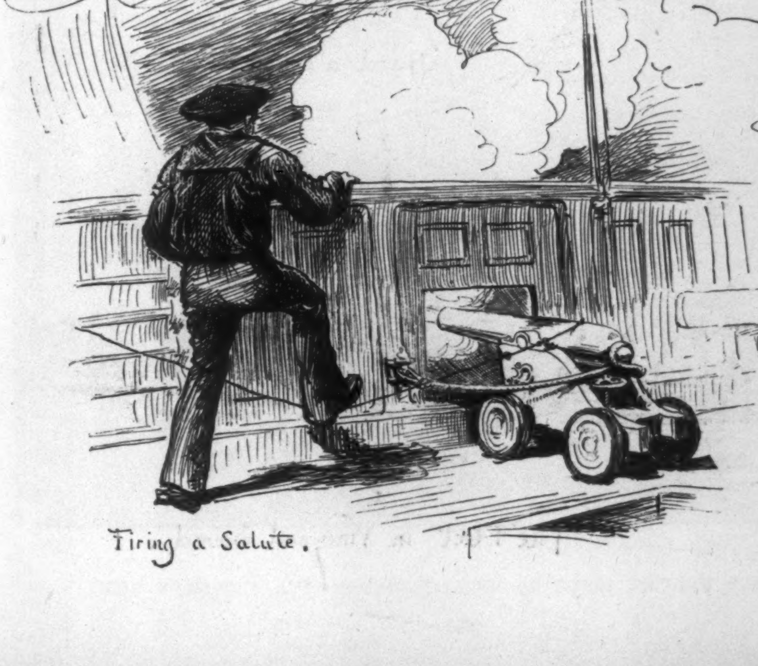
The Bo'sn piping his orders.



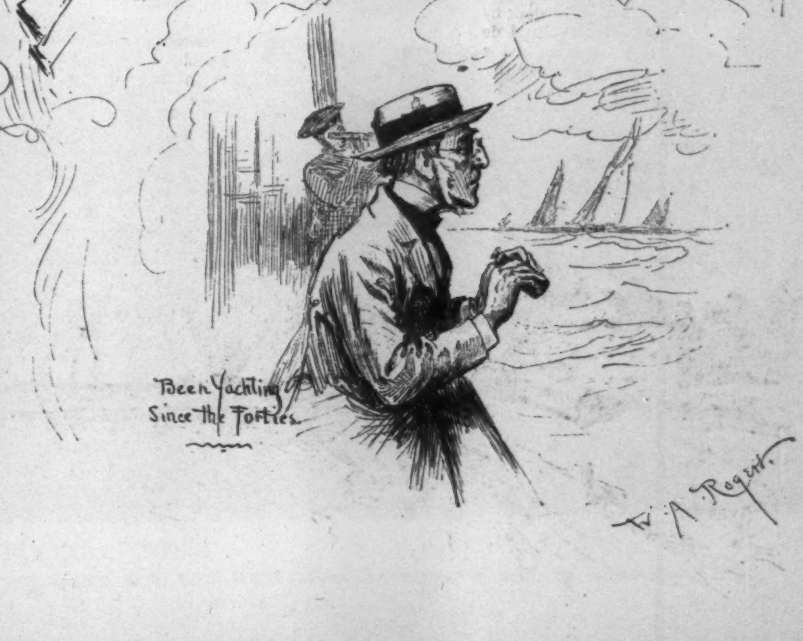
A finishing Touch.



Lunch on board the Flag Ship.



Firing a Salute.



Been Yachting Since the Forties.